TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1594.

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JOHN BULL

1937

JANUARY

S		3	10	17	24	31
M.		4	11	18	25	
T.		5	12	19	26	
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FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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APRIL

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MAY

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1937

JULY

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AUGUST

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OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

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W.	1	8	15	22	29
Th.	2	9	16	23	30
F.	3	10	17	24	31
S.	4	11	18	25	

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Offered during the Sale at Greatly Reduced Prices!

75 Only of these High-Grade Suites to clear!

BEDROOM SUITE IN BEAUTIFULLY FIGURED OAK
SPECIALLY REDUCED FROM 7 GNS.
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10/-
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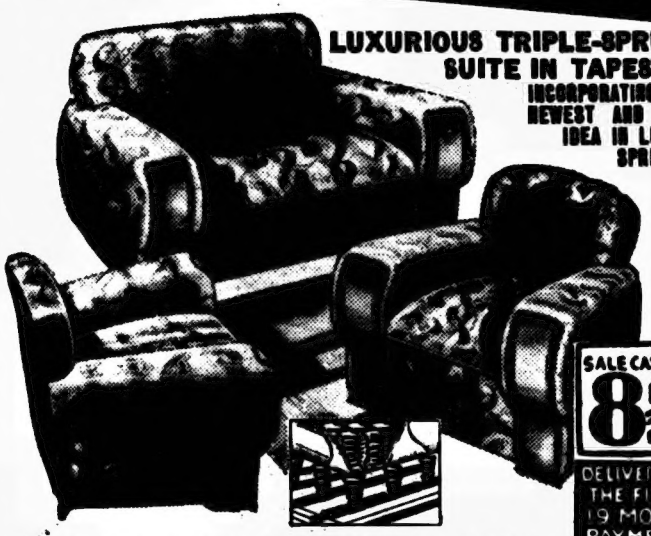

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POCKETED SPRING CUSHION UNIT—SUPPORTED ON VERTICAL COIL SPRINGS—ADJUSTED BY TENSION COIL SPRINGS.

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Special Offer of 350 Figured Walnut Suites

Genuinely Reduced from 13½ Gns.

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Comprising—
4ft. WARDROBE, DRESSING TABLE, CHEST, 4ft. BEDSTEAD AND SPRING

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R T S
Members of the Retail Trading Standards Association

Real Hide Lounge Suites Limited Quantity to Clear

FITTED WITH VELVETEEN SEAT CUSHIONS

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Wonderful Value! Pullman Sprung Suites

IN HIGH-GRADE TAPESTRIES with PULLMAN SPRUNG CUSHION SEATS

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Figured Oak Suites at a Huge Reduction

5-PIECE SUITE
COMPRISING:—
4-Ft. WARDROBE
DRESSING TABLE
4-DRAWER CHEST
4-Ft. BEDSTEAD
AND COIL SPRING.

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES

SALE CASH PRICE **8 GNS**

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No. S.F. 788. Soundly built in Figured Oak, polished a rich, Jacobean brown. 4 ft. WARDROBE, fitted inside with 2 half-shelves, hanger rails and hooks. Note the modern polished wood handles with Chromium fittings. A well-made Suite and a wonderful Bargain at the price.

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HOLLOWAY - - 376, HOLLOWAY ROAD
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DO THIS NOW The very first thing to do is to fill in the Reservation Form (A) and Label below. These reserve your Volumes in your name and MUST be sent to us at once. Be sure to affix a half-penny stamp to the Label. Do not send any money with these Forms.

YOURS AS A GIFT

On receipt of the Reservation Form, and Label below bearing a halfpenny stamp, the "Daily Herald" will send you an *Official Gift Voucher* on which you qualify for your Three Volumes. At the same time your Volumes will be put in hand to be printed and bound ready for dispatch to your home immediately we receive from you your Official Voucher properly completed, together with the correct number of Tokens.

From to-day onwards you will find each day in the RIGHT-hand bottom corner of the back page of the "Daily Herald" a special "A" series Token. You are asked to cut these **Series "A"** tokens out daily for eighteen weeks (i.e., six tokens each week), and to send them in at the end of the 18 weeks to the "Daily Herald," together with the Official Voucher which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Reservation Form below.

Applicants from this announcement may commence to qualify for their volumes with token "A.1," which appears in the issue of the "Daily Herald" dated Thursday, December 31—or they may commence on any subsequent date.

It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent holds a written order for the regular supply of the "Daily Herald." You must therefore hand him the Order Form "B" below to-day.

APPLY AT ONCE

The applications received as a result of this announcement will be so gigantic that again we say "Fill in the Forms below and apply at once" before this opportunity is withdrawn.

NO READER MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE SET OF THREE VOLUMES.

A.1.

Not to be used.

HERE is a specimen of the "A" series token which from December 31 onwards you will find each day in the Right-Hand Bottom Corner of the back page of the "Daily Herald."

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

Important.—It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of the "Daily Herald." Hand him the Form below at once.

B ORDER FORM

Daily Herald

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve the "Daily Herald" for me until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

Do not separate Reservation Form and Label—CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

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SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

(1) "Fifty Masterpieces of Mystery." (2) "Fifty Amazing Hairbreadth Escapes." (3) "Fifty Great Sea Stories."

Daily Herald NEW YEAR GIFT

The Label on the Right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Post to: "DAILY HERALD" (DEPT. J.T.1), 3, ARNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

This form reserves in your name the three books specified above.

I certify that I am NOT already a reader of the "Daily Herald" and that I have not purchased the "Daily Herald" for the past month. I undertake, commencing with the issue on sale to-day, to give the "Daily Herald" a trial for eighteen weeks. I have placed an order with the undermentioned newsagent for the regular supply of the "Daily Herald" and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer please reserve in my name the THREE GIFT VOLUMES, and also send me a Voucher on which to qualify.

N.B.—You may post this form together with label on right, in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

New Reader's Signature .....

Full Postal Address .....

.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

Leave Blank Verified

.....
District Supervisor.

John Bull 2/1/37.

This offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State. Residents in Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

IMPORTANT.—Last day for receipt of this Special Reservation Form is first post Friday, January 15.

A Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by you.

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Full Postal ADDRESS .....

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In the 'Easy-Access' inner-foil pack and sealed fresh in MOISTURE-PROOF 'CELLOPHANE'

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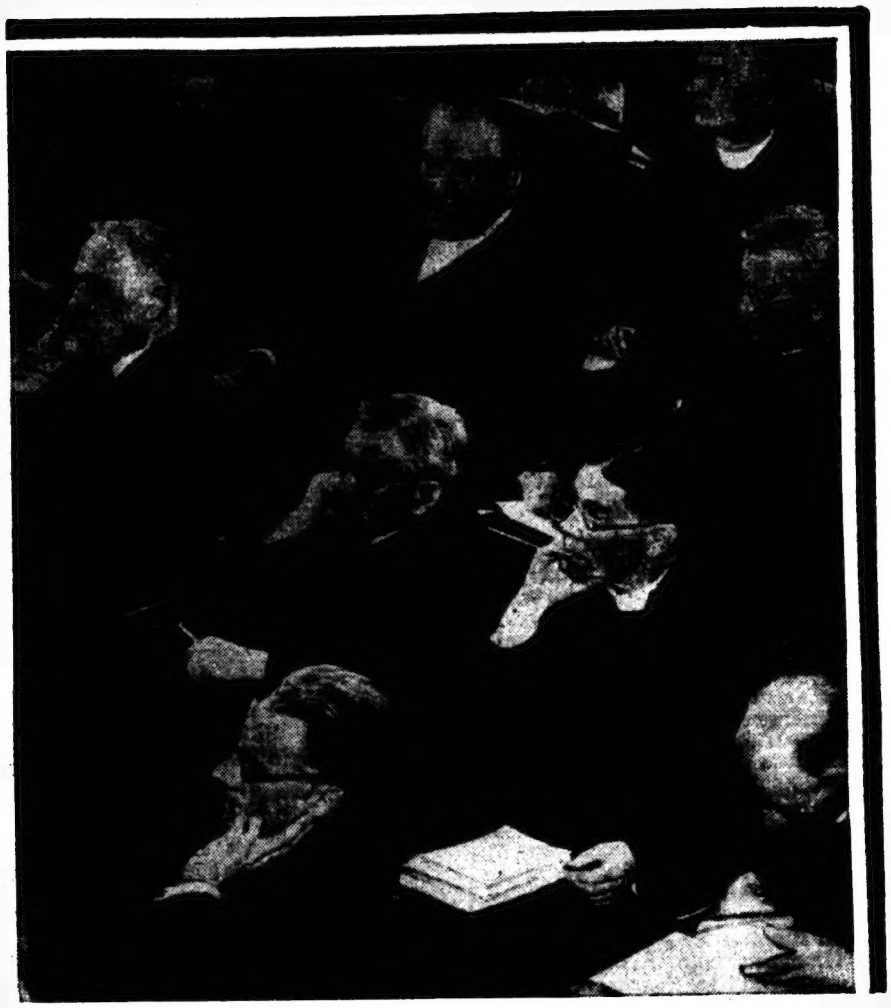
ON THE SIDE Of The ANGELS But—



"On the side of the Angels . . ." Parsons listen to a speech at the Church Assembly

WHAT ought we to do about the call to a serious and religious life which the Archbishop of Canterbury started by his impressive broadcast last Sunday, and which all the other leaders of religion are taking up with such unanimous fervour?

Of course, the Churches are partly hoping to strengthen themselves by exploiting the obvious opportunity offered by the abdication of King Edward and the imminent coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth.

But there is more to it than that. Coronation rejoicings will make 1937 a jolly year for us. Shadows of war across the world will make it a serious year, a terribly critical year as well.

Therefore the Archbishop and the massed battalions of clergymen behind him do well to sound a solemn call to us all.

☆ ★ ☆

John Bull, you will remember, said the same thing a little differently a fortnight ago, when we suggested that the nation would do well to live as seriously and purposefully as the new King and Queen.

To-day we repeat those words, and we support with all our strength the spirit which prompts the Archbishop and his men. There are, however, dangers in this "Back to Religion" drive. Beware of them.

If you are not careful, this movement, springing from a real need in our national life, will be used to keep things as they are, or even to make them worse for you.

Certainly it will be used, by those who want to put up the birth-rate, to force women "back to the home," out of industry, to bring more babies into a world which gives mothers no chance of bringing up their children decently and leaves boys and girls to decay in unemployment and slow starvation after they leave school.

John Bull warned you this campaign was coming in the New Year. Now it will be linked up with the "Back to religion" drive. Fight it with all your power. Until we and our Government have made motherhood a safe and honourable occupation, and Britain a land which gives equal, decent opportunities to every child, no one can criticise the woman who refuses to bear children.

Then the Churches will use the Archbishop's call to oppose and destroy the Easier Divorce Bill which is now so hopefully progressing through the House of Commons. If it becomes law that Bill will end a huge amount of human unhappiness. The Church of England, and to a lesser degree the Nonconformist Churches, oppose the Bill.

They feel it more Christian to keep couples tied to one another though all love between them has died, though incurable insanity, complete desertion, chronic drunkenness, or fiendish cruelty have long separated the spouses beyond hope of reconciliation.

The attitude of the Churches has kept our divorce laws the least humane in the world, has led to the formation of thousands of irregular unions, has branded good citizens as immoral and adulterous libertines.

See to it that, under cover of the Archbishop's call, the Churches do not kill the hope of easier divorce in the Commons, or, more likely, in the Lords.

And remember, divorce is not the only matter on which organised Christianity is utterly out of touch with life.

Against most of the worst evils of 1937 the Churches have given no direct official lead to the nation. They are on the side of the Angels—Yes; but only in a very vague and gentlemanly way.

The Archbishops are not flaming up and down the land, denouncing war, chastising the Arms Race, calling for Peace as though they believed that Peace was most vital and necessary, the thing before all things which the world needs to-day. Some few parsons, to their eternal credit, do all this. They are somewhat frowned on officially for their excess of zeal.

The Churches deplore the horror and preventable human suffering of the Distressed Areas. But have they started a tremendous campaign so to awaken your consciences that you will sweep any Government from office which does not at once bend the entire resources of the realm to wipe them out? If they have, no faint echo of it has reached John Bull's ears.

The Archbishop's call was made in all sincerity. It is supported by good and honest men. But it will be exploited to base ends unless you prevent it.

It will be used by politicians to try to keep things as they are—to continue the arms race until Britain drifts into conscription, to shore up the "National Government" in its great "Do-nothing-much-unless-you-have to" policy about the Distressed Areas, about malnutrition (which is the polite name for slow starvation), about maternal mortality, about you and everything you want changed.

☆ ★ ☆

Don't allow the prigs and the self-seekers and the hangers-on to office to use the serious new spirit, which the Archbishop detected and led, for their own petty ends.

Be serious in your determination to make 1937 a turning point for peace and for real democratic progress.

Don't believe all the parsons tell you. Think it out for yourself and decide what a serious life means to you. Find your own religion, and then live it all days—not only on Sundays.

Straight From the Shoulder

FREE MEALS WITH POOR LAW TAINT

War Talk That Must Stop

Danger Near The Air Ports

Cracked United Front

DRASTIC reform is needed of the system of giving free meals to school-children in hard-hit areas. Sir Arthur MacNalty's report—he is Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education—was treated in curious fashion by some newspapers, which seemed to find that the children were growing taller.

The report showed a state of affairs bad enough to make Mr. Chamberlain use the facts as his text when next he speaks of the nation being nearly back to prosperity.

Bumbledom Still Reigns

Sir Arthur MacNalty says plainly that the service suffers from the Poor Relief tradition—in short, that the poor and needy are still regarded as a necessary evil who must be fed somehow, but no one cares.

Everyone knows when a child is attending a free meal centre, and there are many sensitive parents and children who will suffer grave hardships before they will submit themselves to the publicity of free meals.

None of the disadvantages of poverty is withheld from those who are compelled to accept free meals.

Perpetual Stigma

The children feel under a perpetual stigma, and the parents know that the youngsters cannot give of their best or learn as they should at school while they are fighting with starved bodies and are poorly dressed.

These centres should be cleaned up, and children can and must be given good food in variety so that they shall not become the under-standard men and women about whom the "recruiting sergeant" M.P.s in the House of Commons and the leaders of the Territorial movement complain.

Pity The Undergraduates!

Birmingham General Post Office developed a university complex in employing temporary help to deal with the Christmas and New Year mail.

Unemployed men who acted as sorters in previous years were passed over in favour of university undergraduates, who regarded the whole thing as an adventure that would bring them in a little pocket-money.

Well Done, Whitehall

Three Whitehall officials have enhanced their reputations as a result of their labours during the trouble which preceded the abdication of King Edward.

Two of them are Sir Harry F. Batterbee, acting Permanent Under-Secretary for the Dominions, and Sir Grattan Bushe, chief legal adviser to the Dominions and Colonial Office.

Sir Grattan is one of the leading authorities on constitutional law, and his advice was highly prized by the Cabinet, several members of which, through their legal experience, thought they knew the position until the testing time came.

The third was Sir E. J. Harding, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Dominions Office. Fortunately, he was in Australia when the storm broke and was able to handle requests for advice with authority.

Too Easy To Buy

Still the "red lizzie" or "red biddie" evil goes on. The latest victim was said at the inquest to have mixed cheap red wine with methylated spirit for six years, and died from alcoholic poisoning.

It is no use coroners saying that the stuff is cheap. That comes as near to solving the problem as saying that it is also wet.

There must be some way in which people can be saved from this most violent form of drinking.

Justice On Roads

Not long ago we said plainly that it was time that the Traffic Commissioners in certain areas stopped threatening to take action against offenders under the Road Act and did something. From

Meals that make energy and health are needed

Burton-on-Trent we hear the good news that for not keeping accurate records and for permitting their drivers to work excessive hours one firm has been fined £250.

Directories Frauds

The "clean-up" of the fraudulent directories scandal goes on with great vigour.

The latest success is reported from Edinburgh, where seven men after a trial lasting a week were sent to jail for periods ranging from three months to twelve months.

For some time we have recorded the steady fulfilment of a prediction made here that there would be many prosecutions of this sort. And the campaign will go on until this mean fraud is wiped out.

Not So United

All is not well on the United Communist-Socialist League-I.L.P. Front. Not even the undoubted brilliance of Sir Stafford Cripps can save these strange bed-fellows from early disputes and the usual splits which signalise any attempt to "gate crash" the natural and well-conducted work of the Labour Movement.

The Labour Party and the trade unions will not admit this new version of the Left Wing because it knows that it is just a new name for an old opponent.

Even when this latest move fails there will be others, until finally the snipers will take their place in the records of the failures that punctuate the life of any live movement.

Airport Perils

People who live near airports are growing more and more uneasy over the increase in flying, with a corresponding growth in the risk to their lives and property.

It's the old, old story of the airports nearest large centres of population having just grown up. Croydon is the outstanding example, where the houses are only a few yards from the hangars.

All the danger does not come from fog, for all the leading air companies have their own systems of directing planes to safe landings when the ground is obscured or even completely hidden.

No one can deny the skilful way the pilots handle the planes as they skim telegraph poles or the tops of houses in their efforts to land safely, but the strain is telling on those who have to listen to the endless drone of plane engines, and they are demanding that action be taken to find a remedy.

THE mockery of giving 50 per cent. grants to local education authorities to replace "black-listed" schools is shown by the fact that in many parts of the country these grants cannot be used because there is no means of raising the other 50 per cent.

All the available local taxation that can be spared goes to the relief of acute distress.

While the Government is throwing out hints that it may do something to relieve the ordinary rates burden in the distressed areas by reallocating the grants, it has not done anything to increase the sums available to the districts where the children are taught in schools that are slums.

Hitler's "Moors"

An Englishman just back from Spain talked with German officers forming part of the advance guard of Franco's "olond Moors." The Germans, he says, were surprised at the chaos behind the lines, and were amazed at the efficiency of the Russian planes.

Hitler may not have known that as soon as his muzzled and blindfolded troops got out of Germany they would learn that the rest of the world was not nearly so stupid or inefficient as Goebbels had told them by Press and radio.

The worst propagandists the Nazis can have are a few thousand dead German soldiers. Relatives at home are sure to spread the bad news, and soldiers have their own methods of telling one another what is happening.

Killjoy

Most people in this country are welcoming in the New Year with a drink of some kind, and it should have made them mellow enough to wonder why magistrates go out of their way to make statements of the kind uttered by Mr. W. Troath when he presided over the Bournemouth Bench.

All that was asked was that the Pavilion should be given an extension for the New Year's Eve dance organised by the local Caledonian Society.

Mr. Troath said emphatically that he thought it was a bad custom to welcome in the New Year with a drink, but the Caledonians exiled in Bournemouth won, and no one seems any the worse for it.

Stop This Talk!

Many people have talked about the effect of a European war on England, but none has yet gone as far as Mr. R. A. Carey, M.P. for Eccles. He has been telling Lancashire that if London became untenable, Manchester might become the alternative capital, with Liverpool as its chief port.

There is no reason why someone else should not keep up this game and suggest Glasgow, Leeds, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, or even Belfast as a temporary capital.

Of course, Mr. Carey uses this theme as an excuse to talk about the Government spending enough money "to prepare the county of Lancashire for the times of war."

Enemy Of Tanks

A remarkable new piece of artillery is a new anti-tank gun now being tested. This gun fires a two-pound shell, but with such explosive effect that it is regarded as the ideal weapon against the "crawling fortresses" now being built all over Europe in large numbers.

Europe's only hope now is to invent some machine that will prevent men from using the death-dealing instruments they have laboured so long to make.

Religion In Russia

One of the biggest changes expected from the new Soviet Constitution is in religion. Young Communists protested to Stalin that by giving priests the vote they would be encouraged to preach bourgeois religion.

Stalin's reply was that to victimise the priests would be to make them martyrs at home and heroes abroad.

Many Nations: One Flag

Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, can think out an answer to this during his well-earned holiday.

Recently two ships flew the British flag, and since shipping is only one of the many cares of the Board of Trade, Mr. Runciman may be able to explain why one of the ships, with a complement of thirty, had only Russians, Greeks, Rumanians and Czecho-Slovaks on board.

In the other vessel there was one Englishman, the radio operator!

Another Shipping Scandal

While reform of steering gear and manning regulations is being tackled, another shipping scandal is passing unnoticed.

By ignoring Board of Trade regulations on the carrying of grain cargoes, foreign owners, particularly in the Black Sea trade, are saving as much as £1,000 a trip and are endangering the safety of their vessels and crews.

The penalty for a breach of the regulations is £100, so that they count the risk well worth while, and British owners are faced with one more form of unfair and illegal competition.

R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth"?

It is being freely suggested that when the sister ship to the Cunarder *Queen Mary* is launched in the spring of 1938 she will be named *Queen Elizabeth*, so that England will have a service of two "Queens" with the Blue Riband of the Atlantic safe in their keeping.

No Shoes: Little Bread

An Ealing man with six children was fined ten shillings for not sending his boy to school. He told the court that his children had no shoes, and that he had a hard job to buy bread.

Officialdom in the shape of the school attendance officer did admit that the man had been given shoes for his children—three years ago, but, of course, this could not go on.

The law may be satisfied, but ratepayers of Ealing are not, and they are protesting vigorously to the Home Secretary. The appeal might also strike a little sympathy from the Education Authorities to the extent of providing shoes, and so avoiding fines where bread is needed.

The LORD CHANCELLOR MUST *Stop* IT . .

Blackmail By RADIO

THE duties of the Lord Chancellor of England have been singularly easy to discharge during the reign of the present Government. No judgments of any great legal importance have had to be delivered from the Woolsack, and the political responsibilities imposed on Lord Hailsham, the present Lord Chancellor, have been negligible.

As arrangements stand, the demands on his services in the New Year will amount to little more than the performance of the traditional legal rites of the Coronation ceremonies.

Other work, worthy of the ability of Lord Hailsham, is clamouring, however, for his expert attention. JOHN BULL can suggest at least three jobs he could get on with for the benefit of the community and to preserve respect for the Law of which he is the leader and chief custodian.

Each of them requires legislation. But neither the House of Commons nor the House of Lords is likely to make any move to get these necessary things done until the machinery is started by the Lord Chancellor.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Read this document:

DEAR ORRISS,—The idea of broadcasting names and addresses from Luxemburg, Paris, Athlone and Normandy is a very good one. I am sure when debtors realise the wide publicity of this method they will pay.

Before taking this drastic step, we should give everybody one last chance, as in most cases the world-wide publicity of the radio would ruin their reputation, which we do not think wise if it can possibly be avoided.

If, by next Tuesday, those accounts I have are still unpaid, we can arrange a broadcast for the following Sunday. The list is now complete, and I will take the names over by air on Saturday. So please let me know of any who pay in response to your letter in order that I can strike their names off the list.

I hear Matthews has been very successful in his prosecutions lately and I hope he keeps it up.

Chalfont, Harrow, Yours,
Wednesday. F. PRIOR.

Of course you find no need to read that communication twice to discern what it is. Blackmail of the most vicious type is written there. *The threat of blackmail to ruin reputations by radio.* No dramatist or fiction writer has ever thought of anything so damnable.

We have no idea who Mr. F. Prior is. Perhaps he is a figment of the cruel mind that composed this devilish document. But we know all about Mr. Orriss, the supposed recipient. He is a principal of what is represented to be one of the most important debt-collecting organisations in the City of London—the Recovery and Adjustment Bureau, Ltd., of 56, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

In the open suggestion of exposure by radio the limit has been reached in the blackmailing of poor debtors that is being practised with ever-growing audacity by many hundreds of firms up and down the country like the Recovery and Adjustment Bureau. The process has been allowed to go on unchecked until it now treats the judicial system with contempt, and even flouts the Judiciary itself.

Letters like the one quoted are found by unfortunate debtors enclosed with another document—a paper of the bluish colour only used officially by the police—sent to them by post with a threat that if payment is not made within seventy-two hours their employers will be summoned to attend court to prove wages.

A person who gets one would naturally suppose that a piece of the private correspondence of Mr. Orriss has been enclosed in the envelope by accident. It seems to be written with pen and ink, and has all the appearance of being a private communication from a principal to an agent.

It comes neither by accident nor mistake. It is a multiple production being delivered to debtors. The writing is a piece of fake printing so cleverly done that only an expert can detect the falsity at first glance.

Of course, the threat of publicity and extortion by wireless is an empty one. None of the companies which operate the wireless systems of Luxemburg, Paris, Athlone or Normandy would countenance for a moment the suggestion that the names and addresses of debtors should be broadcast from their stations. Nor is any of them a party to this despicable bluff.

That does not alter the fact that it is new blackmail of the vilest kind—terrifying, as it must be, to the type of people on whom it is being practised.

It is highly desirable that the Director of Public Prosecutions should give his early attention to the brutal and cunning idea of extracting money by the suggestion of radio blackmail. The responsibility rests with the Lord Chancellor, however, to devise means not only to end this particular terror, but to stop all the heinous practices being used in the debts recovery racket.

JOHN BULL'S proposal to him is reasonable and feasible. It is that it should be made a criminal offence for any private agency or organisation, which buys up or receives debts to collect, to use any device or document that can in any way be construed to be an illegal threat or act or intimidation.

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During 1936 a quarter of a million people were maimed in road accidents in this country. In ten years a member of every fourth family in the land has been struck down in this manner.

It is notorious that, even since third party insurance by motorists was made compulsory, these people do not get a tithe of the financial compensation to which they are entitled. When the victims or their dependants have the means to press a claim they are usually lucky to succeed because so many insurance companies find technical reasons or deficiencies in their policies to resist the payment that is morally due from them.

But the greatest tragedy of it all is that most of the injured or the dependants of the dead have not the means to demand their barest rights.

That is why wicked organisations which call themselves legal aid societies or assessors of accident claims are flourishing up and down Britain. By a remarkable system of corruption they get immediate information of accidents, and then, in hospital ward or at home, persuade the victims to give them signed authority to proceed to obtain compensation.

They ask for 10 per cent. of whatever sum is recovered, and give a worthless guarantee that if nothing is obtained, nothing will be charged—worthless because, when unsuccessful litigation is undertaken, the injured person is always left with a bill of costs for which he or she is solely liable.

The Lord Chancellor must know by this time that county court judges everywhere in the country get evidence daily in their courts of this rascality and fiercely denounce it.

There is only one method to ensure that the mass of people of humble means who are injured yearly shall get their legal rights, and the Lord Chancellor alone can make it possible. He must have the Poor Persons' Procedure regulations completely redrafted and extended so that every person with a justifiable claim can have access to the courts.

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For reasons unknown and never stated by its spokesmen, the present Government refuses every appeal to amend the harsh and out-of-date laws which govern the payment of compensation to injured workers. Half a million people are so seriously maimed in factories and mines in Britain every year that they should be eligible for the full but low rates authorised by the Acts, but great numbers of them are denied or cheated out of their dues.

Apart altogether, however, from the demand for new legislation, there is crying need for the Lord Chancellor to interest himself in the administration of the existing laws.

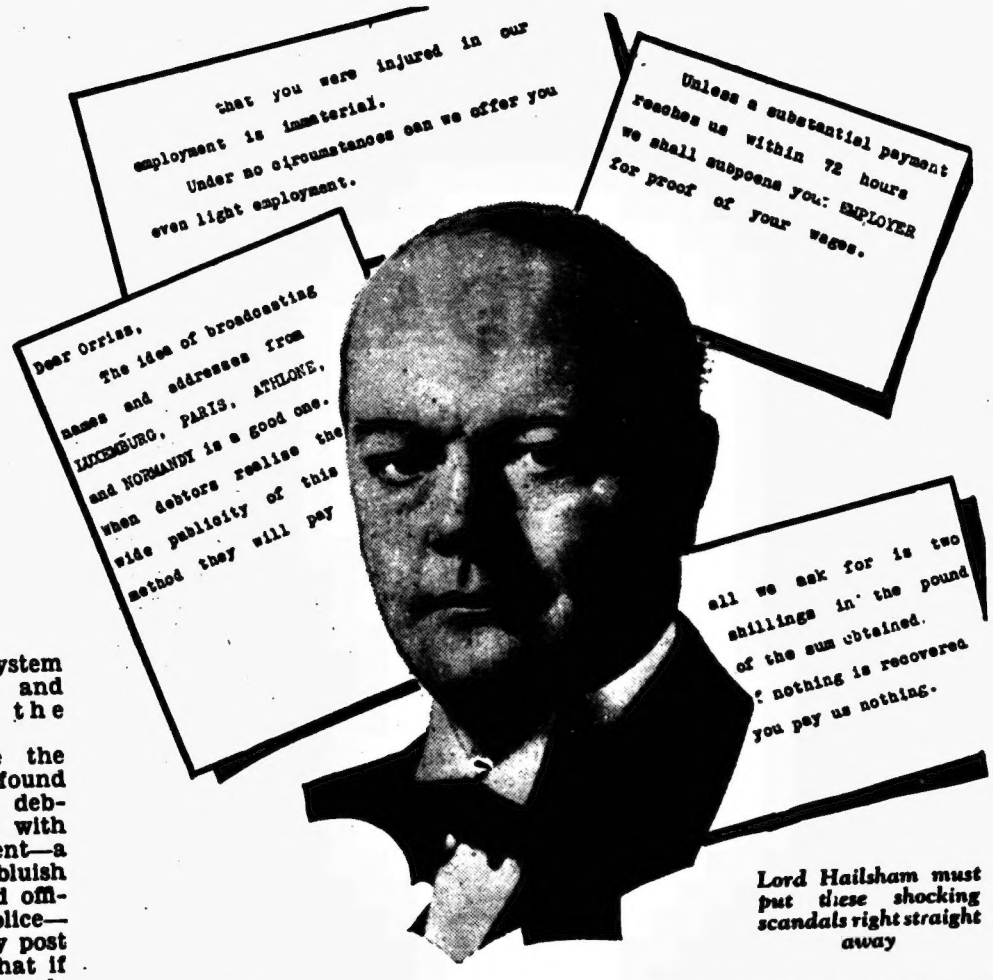
Particularly should Lord Hailsham address himself to the fact during 1937 that the chief reason why immense numbers of broken and crippled workers will not be getting their dues is that they are unable to employ specialists to testify or plead on their behalf as employers and insurance companies can do.

Until the Lord Chancellor takes the initiative there is no hope of specialists being paid for by the State or proper legal facilities being given to the workers to seek justice from the judges.

And if the Lord Chancellor cares to make the gesture there will be immediate reform of the cruel system by which stricken workers are denied any appeal against the verdicts of the medical referee in compensation claims.

It is no wonder injured workers cannot get their rights. The real explanation is that nearly forty per cent. of the vast annual sum which employers pay to private companies in the form of insurance premiums to cover compensation claims is eaten up in management costs and commission payments.

That fact alone should give the Lord Chancellor food for thought and an urge to action.


that you were injured in our
employment is immaterial.
Under no circumstances can we offer you
even light employment.
Unless a substantial payment
reaches us within 72 hours
we shall subpoena you: EMPLOYER
for proof of your wages.
Dear Orriss,
The idea of broadcasting
names and addresses from
LUXEMBURG, PARIS, ATHLONE,
and NORMANDY is a good one.
When debtors realise the
wide publicity of this
method they will pay
all we ask for is two
shillings in the pound
of the sum obtained.
nothing is recovered
you pay us nothing.

Lord Hailsham must put these shocking scandals right straight away

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS—DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

SHOCKING BURIAL FEES SCANDAL

LET the Ecclesiastical Commissioners look into the distressing circumstances surrounding the burial of William Anderson, a Post Office foreman, in his native parish of Hurley, in Berkshire!

It is a case that will fill all right-thinking people with indignation.

"Dear Old Jock" he was to all throughout his lifetime in the village where he was born and bred, a staunch church worker, christened with seven brothers and sisters in St. Mary's, the picturesque old monastic parish church.

Yet on his death, when he was lying awaiting burial, with his weeping widow and children about him, a fee of £50 was demanded instead of the normal thirty shillings for the privilege of his being interred in the churchyard where his own mother and a daughter were buried before him.

And this because he had died thirty yards beyond the boundary of the parish in which his lifetime had been spent!

William Anderson served his country well in a humble capacity, fought in Flanders, reared three children, organised "socials" and whist-drives in aid of the church at which he worshipped; yet this extortionate amount was demanded, and failing it, a new grave was refused.

* * *

Had she had the money at the time the widow would have met this demand, but there were difficulties in the way. It so happened that "Jock" Anderson was the victim of a road accident. He was cycling home from his work one evening when he was run down by a motor-car.

A week later he died, but neither insurance moneys nor the pension to which his widow is entitled would be available until after the inquest, and at least a month after the funeral was arranged.

The tenor bell of St. Mary's was actually being tolled in Anderson's honour when the vicar himself went to acquaint Mrs. Anderson with the preposterous conditions he was reluctantly compelled to enforce.

The vicar was sympathetic, but he had no alternative, being bound by the red-tape directions issued by the Burial Board of the Ecclesiastical Court. The rule is inflexible: "For a person residing without the boundaries of the parish, £50."

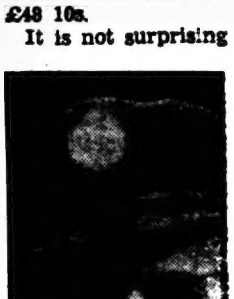
So the desired grave could not be obtained, and when William Anderson was taken to the churchyard of St. Mary's, in Hurley, the distressed mourners found that his mother's grave, already containing the remains of a child, had been hurriedly opened instead.

Such was the consideration meted out to a man of whom it was said: "He loved his parish. He was born nearly fifty years ago in Church-street—now known as Hall Place-lane. He knew every nook and corner of Hurley. He was one of those responsible for the village 'Social Club.' He collected for the unemployed. With his wife he gathered funds for the electric lighting of the church."

All that—and yet he was refused a plot in his old parish churchyard!

And this on a question of barely thirty yards! Six years ago, William Anderson went with his wife and family to live in a new house that happened to be just *thirty yards* over the ecclesiastical boundary. Just thirty yards; yet it meant difference in fees amounting to £48 10s.

It is not surprising to learn that considerable indignation is felt among the people of Hurley, who are of the opinion that the regulations are altogether unreasonable and that exceptions should certainly be made in the case of natives.



William Anderson

In the present sad case there is ample support for this view.

The grave had been dug and mourners were actually preparing for the funeral when the question of the £50 fee was raised.

Surely regulations could have been modified for the sake of such a grand old parishioner?

It is for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to reconsider a good many of the out-of-date and hidebound regulations at present restricting the village parson. The sad story of "Jock" Anderson's burial should give them the necessary incentive.

Tidemills, Sussex, where incredibly primitive conditions exist

Hamlet Of Horror

HOSPITALS for children are found in some outlandish places, but few can be more unfortunately located than the Marine Hospital and Heritage Craft School at Tidemills in Sussex.

These admirable institutions are worthy of the best amenities that municipal organisation can furnish, but so far their claims have been overlooked by the authorities.

Many people might seek for Tidemills in vain, for it is without a post office and without telegraphic communication; there is no church. It is Britain's most backward hamlet, without sanitation and without a single glimmer of light in its village street.

Sandwiched between progressive Seaford and the Continental seaport of Newhaven, it is without a drain.

The sea is its sewer, the beach, on which little helpless mites play in summer and seek the bracing air of the southland, is its rubbish dump.

Hard by, there is a "hospital" for ancient horses, a dyke flows into the sea. On the opposite side of the dark and narrow lane crossing the railway, there are some half-a-dozen cottages where labourers, old age pensioners and railway workers live. These cottages have long since been found unfit for human habitation, they are unsafe, they are badly arranged. They are marked for demolition, but they are to be allowed to stand a further nine months.

Progress is taking a long, long time to reach Tidemills. Flushings from lavatories surge below the level of the road, washing hangs on the line within a few feet of the windows of the children's dormitories, hens scratch in the dirt about the dwellings.

On the one hand, first-class hotels and a comfortably living community, on the other, the lights of Newhaven! On the spot, unspeakably primitive conditions that are a disgrace to civilisation.

The Seaford Urban District Council has been a long time thinking about it, but perhaps at last we shall hear of something being done. With a rates revenue amounting to £27,000 a year, Seaford Council should not allow a hamlet of horror like Tidemills to exist.

THE 'SYMPATHICO' QUACK

ATTEMPTS are being made—through an intensive advertising programme—to foist a new and entirely unorthodox "medical" treatment establishment on the English public.

This latest "quack" effort calls itself by an illuminating title—the Institute of Sympathico Therapy.

It has offices and consulting rooms in Stafford-place, Oxford-street, London.

People are invited, through the advertisements, to come to the Institute—"where your case will be investigated and you will be told if it is one which Sympathico Therapy treatment will benefit."

From the literature of the Institute, we gather that the peculiar form of treatment adopted is based on the teachings of a young French doctor, by name Dr. Paul Gillet.

The description given of this Dr. Gillet's work by the Institute is somewhat significant. We quote from the booklet, written to persuade patients:—

"Dr. Gillet was house physician *of the Hospitals*, and was formerly head of the Laboratory of the Faculty of Medicine, but *has no official standing*."

* * *

Those italics are our own, and they are interesting. Notice that there is no information as to *the hospitals* at which this Dr. Gillet was house physician, nor is the university specified at which he worked in the laboratory of "the Faculty of Medicine."

Not for a moment must it be supposed that the new Institute of Sympathico Therapy sets out to cure *all* diseases of the flesh. The Institute, indeed, has its reservations.

It is "powerless to alleviate cancer, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, or heart disease."

But, on the other hand—according to the advertisements — the sympathico treatment "is a sovereign remedy for ——" and then follows a long list, which includes angina pectoris, arthritis of the lower limbs, certain forms of paralysis, chronic rheumatism, locomotor ataxia—down to such ordinary things as headache and neuralgia.

Rather interesting to know how this Institute which makes such wonderful pretensions began.

A small private company, formed in September, owns the Institute. The capital is £2,000, of which £800 in shares has been issued.

No fewer than 796 of the £1 shares are held by Augustus V. E. Walter, of Rue de la Nuée Bleue, Strasbourg, France. He is described as being a doctor of medicine of Strasbourg, and is a director of the company together with Henrietta Walter, also of Strasbourg.

The medical qualifications of Mr. Walter would not be recognised in this country. He cannot register as a medical practitioner and he would not be accepted by the British Medical Association. An English doctor might be in serious difficulty if he worked for Mr. Walter at his "Sympathico Institute."

For very good reasons we suggest that sufferers should be chary in visiting the Institute and paying fees. They should most certainly consult their own doctors before entrusting themselves to the ministrations of the Institute.

Vanishing Doorstep Shark

ONE of the meanest of sharks is a trickster who imposes on busy housewives, and in this category is "Mr. Ford," a charming individual with a smooth tongue who calls from door to door, canvassing for orders for printed stationery.

Armed with a neat leather despatch case, containing samples that are got up to impress the eye, he pretends to have come from a firm in Lower Belgrave-street, London.

* * *

He pleads he is not accustomed to this type of work. He has seen much better days, he says, explaining that he is "out of work."

The paper he sells is of *such* good quality, and it will save him calling again if the housewife will pay cash with order!

A likely enough story. Hard lines on the honest man, but a reader in Hampton, Middlesex, is among scores who have parted with ready money, never to receive the promised stationery.

At the address he gives in Lower Belgrave-street, London, Ford is quite unknown. The receipts he gives for the money he obtains, like his undertakings, are worthless.

Housewives should be on their guard against him, and however pathetic his stories, they should harden their hearts. He is just another of the itinerant fee-snatchers who are so difficult to stop, yet whose activities cause so much trouble and disappointment.

Huge Hospital Scheme Fiasco

TOO many half-baked schemes are launched on a long-suffering public in an attempt to cash in the slogan: "We Are Out to Help e Hospitals."

One of the latest is Hospital Enterises, Ltd., of London, which, according the prospectus and other literature, s going to benefit hospitals, its own areholders and the general public.

The main idea was to organise a series weekly football pools.

"Pools are already established," stated e prospectus, "on a vast national ale, and there is no doubt but that the ormous public at present investing in e large pools will welcome and give eference to a pool such as this, in hich a definite guaranteed percentage the takings is given to the hospitals."

Then the directors of Hospital Enterises, with characteristic optimism, timated that the net profit derived om the pool and pari-mutuel operaons, after deduction of all expenses, ould not be less than £150,000 per nnum, of which £75,000 would benefit ritish hospitals.

Potential clients received a personal essage from the chairman, who wrote: These pools are entirely different from y other football pools operating in this untry, as 50 per cent. of our net ofits are distributed to British spitals.

"In spite of the large allocation for e needs of British hospitals, we are t able to pay dividends, which are in veral cases in excess of those paid by y other pool in the country."

This may have impressed some mems of the public.

A Glasgow reader, who received the rospectus of Hospital Enterprises, Ltd., bought in July, 1935, a few 5s. shares in the company.

In October, a representative called and unloaded some 10s shares on the reader. So impressed was this investor by the eloquence of the salesman that he borrowed money to buy the additional shares.

January, 1936, saw this reader sick, unemployed and worried. He wrote to the company asking if it was possible to sell his shares, but his enquiry was ignored.

Then this investor wrote saying that as a second season had begun the shareholders should be notified of the first season's results. He also mentioned that in November, 1935, a report was promised every three months, and that no reports had reached him.

This reader appears to have received little satisfaction.

Meanwhile, our investigations show that the British hospitals, which according to the prospectus were to benefit to the extent of £75,000 a year, were in many cases quite ignorant of this promised good fortune.

In order to get at the facts we invited Hospital Enterprises to give us particulars of the amounts given to the hospitals.

After some delay we were informed that £60 7s. had already been donated out of a net profit of £174 2s. 8d., and letters of thanks received from the hospitals benefiting. Rather a come-down after the optimistic forecast of £75,000 a year!

All these facts suggest that those who are anxious to help the hospitals can find an easier or more effective way than by filling in the football coupons of Hospital Enterprises, Ltd.

Money-Spinning Mushrooms

THE Hon. Lindsay Stuart Campbell-Gray, the Master of Gray, was recently granted a perpetual injunction in the Chancery Divion restraining Cucklington Mushoms, Ltd., from including his name mong the directors.

He resigned last September, but his me still appeared as director on erature sent out by the company as cently as November.

Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., has, in ct, been flooding the country with oklets which show how easy it is to ake money from mushrooms.

The investor is invited to take up nits of £10, which entitles him to have square feet of prepared mushroom d "registered in your own name."

* * *

That ends the responsibility of the inestor, who then sits back in his most mfortable armchair and waits for cklington Mushrooms, Ltd., and the ushrooms down on the farm at Winnton, Somerset, to do the rest. It is simple as falling off a stool.

"For the use of your money which is ed to build the mushroom sheds and pply the correct sterilised material," ates a booklet, "Cucklington Mushoms, Ltd., guarantee to pay you 10 per nt. per annum free of tax as interest. t on top of this, they also return you e-fifth of the net profits resulting from e sale of the mushrooms grown on ur plot or plots."

While the reader is still gasping with tonishment at the magnificent manner which humble mushrooms make easy oney for fireside investors, he is told at "his £10 can produce revenue at e rate of from £3 to £7 per annum." Then follows a nicely tabulated list owing estimated profits on sales.

As the company states, "Mere words without proof would be of little value to the investing public," a remark with which we are in hearty agreement.

Confidence is also inspired by the company's boast of a nicely printed certificate which guarantees principal, interest and share of profits.

This is but one of many similar schemes, and we are surprised that if such wonderful profits are so easily made from mushroom growing the organisers go to the trouble to share their good thing with anybody.

As any sound scheme which could show a profit—even of 5 per cent.—could be financed easily and swiftly, why trouble about collecting units of £10?

Cucklington Mushrooms, Ltd., is a young concern registered in January, 1935, and we shall wait with interest to see how many of the £10 units produce revenue at the rate of from £3 to £7 per annum.

Spraying with insecticide, one of the processes in mushroom culture illustrated in the company's brochure

Albert Edward Flintoff

DIDDLING DUO

"BANK Pools—Safe as a Bank!" The heading is over a "credit only" offer sent out in circular form by a pair of enterprising gentlemen known as Seton and Brookes, of Devereux Court, Strand, London.

A bottle of whisky, a bottle of gin, a bottle of port and 250 cigarettes are among the prizes supposed to be available for clients introducing the highest number of investors.

Something unique about this "Bank," for although the pools are staked at 3d., the credit for the first four weeks, fixed at 5s., is extended to 10s. after that period, and remittances of any amount are cordially invited from football fans.

There are eighteen rules to keep, but these need not unduly trouble "investors" living in South Wales or in Glasgow, for the first is that at Devereux Court no callers are allowed.

The results of matches are reckoned up to ninety minutes, and any extra time played does not count in the final reckoning.

We began to be suspicious about this when we found that none of the promises made in the coupon are enforceable legally, the transactions being binding in honour only, on the decisions of Messrs. Seton and Brookes.

Seton and Brookes make a proud boast that they deduct only 5 per cent. commission and expenses, but clients are now in a quandary, for enquiries made at Devereux Court reveal that both these tricksters have "gone away" suddenly, leaving the rent unpaid.

CROOK In A LEGAL MASK

REMARKABLE information is collecting in the investigation records of JOHN BULL concerning the widespread frauds of a frequently-convicted crook named Albert Edward Flintoff.

This man Flintoff, recently sentenced to three years penal servitude at the Old Bailey for converting £1,100, the money of a young woman, to his own use, was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors carrying on business under the style of William Mandeville and Co., Great Marlborough Street, London.

In May of this year, Flintoff entered into an agreement whereby he was appointed managing clerk of this firm for twelve months in consideration of providing sufficient capital for the solicitor principal to carry on.

Under the arrangement Flintoff was to pay all outgoings, and was to receive a salary of £2 a week plus 75 per cent. of the net profits The solicitor principal was to receive £3 and the balance of the profits.

When Flintoff entered into this contract, he had a record behind him of no fewer than five terms of imprisonment for burglary, theft and false pretences, although, of course, this criminal history was carefully disguised from the solicitor.

Undoubtedly Flintoff passed himself off as the head of the firm in many of his dishonest dealings. Posing as such, he gained confidence and trust.

Complaints about Flintoff have reached us from many different parts of the country.

* * *

One of his chief practices was to draw fees for the formation of private limited liability companies which were never actually brought into existence.

He paid visits to places far distant from London in relation to this pretended launching of companies—to Plymouth, Chester, Cumberland and the Isle of Wight.

Operating on occasions in association with Flintoff was a Mr. William Postles, describing himself as a financial legal adviser, of 30, Queen's Road, Brighton.

At one time Postles was a clerk with William Mandeville and Co., solicitors. Previously he was linked with certain shady undertakings exposed in our columns.

By advertisement Postles secures touch with business people who are anxious for additional capital or to establish themselves on a company basis.

He naturally charges fees for the advice he gives and the services he promises. But in a number of instances the clients of William Postles discover that, having parted with their fees, the financial support they expect does not mature.

Excuses are offered for the failure of the transactions. William Postles pockets his fees and the clients are left so much the poorer.

To have as solicitors William Mandeville and Co.—or in reality Albert Edward Flintoff the jail bird—was of material assistance to William Postles, financial legal adviser.

Conversely, Flintoff made handsome use of the business brought to him by Postles.

Now the fellowship is broken by Flintoff's well-merited conviction and sentence.

But Postles remains. He should be given a wide berth.

AMAZING DISCLOSURES OF

BIG Police Sensation COMING

CORONATION Year 1937. The Big Year for you. The Big Year for the police.

The year also in which those most closely in touch with police activities expect a big sensation—likely to lead to wide reforms, and changes.

Possibly this matter may be settled behind closed doors, but if it is allowed to become public then the feelings of the country will be shocked.

It will arise from the enquiries of the Special Committee appointed by Parliament to deal with share-pushing. Evidence before that committee will reveal an amazing position.

At present there are in the City of London and in the West End no fewer than forty separate firms swindling the public on the sale of stocks and shares which have no market value.

Complaints against many of those concerns have reached the police. Officers have been detailed to investigate the alleged grievances of victims.

Evidence collects which is already sensational.

One firm, with offices near the Mansion House, has netted from investors not less than £300,000 in a few months. This firm, although its record is known, has continued untroubled in its victimisation of clients for a number of years. Another bucket house collected through the post more than £70,000 in a fortnight.

In London to-day share peddling is actually being carried on through certain chemists' shops.

☆ ★ ☆

In the enquiries now in progress information is likely to be obtained from the investigation departments of the "Big Five" banks. Certainly bankers and members of the Stock Exchange are bewildered to know how share-pushing firms, whose records are outrageous, can continue to flourish.

There is also this problem: How does it happen that American, German and French salesmen, whose only purpose is to take good money from Britons for "dud" shares, are permitted to remain in this country. There are more of them in London now than ever before.

A further question of public importance is the extensive use by share-pushers of the telephone service as the main instrument of their sales campaigns.

Canvassing clients is carried out principally by means of telephone calls. The Post Office facilities are flagrantly abused. This must be common knowledge to senior officials of the telephone department.

☆ ★ ☆

The New Year will also see the police active against what is known as the "Irish Gang," which is now operating in the West End of London.

A large company of young Irishmen—whom Ireland doesn't want and certainly London doesn't—has built up a vice "racket" on American lines in the districts of Marylebone and Paddington. Sixty per cent. of the crime charges at the Marylebone police court are against Irishmen.

These men have organised themselves as "protectors" of prostitutes. They are engaging in blackmail, in robbery, in open violence. They are receiving constant recruits from Southern Ireland.

Recently the police dealt with a case at Paddington in which an elderly man had been robbed by two Irishmen of £240. They secured their victim through the aid of a young Welsh girl who "picked up" the man at a hotel near Marylebone station. For her assistance in the robbery she was given exactly one pound; the remainder was taken by the Irishmen.

This sort of thing is happening every night in the disorderly houses which exist near Paddington and Marylebone stations. The culprits are always young Irish ruffians.

They come to England because they are unemployed in the Irish Free State. They travel usually by the Great Western Fishguard route, and they have invaded the Paddington and Marylebone quarters of London because Paddington is the station of their arrival.

Their activities have spread to Hyde Park, where after dark they get into conversation with men and women, and then use their blackmailing threats. They demand money, and are usually paid to save trouble or the publicity of a police court prosecution.

Orders have been issued to the police that this Irish gang must be cleaned up. Selected officers have been detailed for this special duty and a number of arrests are likely to follow. The stigma upon the metropolitan borough of Paddington—that it is now the worst crime area of London—is to be removed.

Sir Philip Game, Metropolitan Police Commissioner, has a trying time ahead of him

By the end of April there should no be a "bottle party" club left in the We End.

That is another Scotland Yar objective. Prosecutions are to be take against every habitual night club whe the liquor licensing regulations a openly broken on the "bottle party" pretext.

Proceedings will be taken against th proprietors of all these places under th Disorderly Houses Act of 1751 and th London County Council (Gener Powers) Act of 1915.

These clubs are to be prosecuted. I the view of the Law Officers of th Crown they come within this definitio of the old Act of 1751:

"Any house, room or garden or oth place kept for public dancing or oth public entertainment of the like kin in the Cities of London and We minster or within twenty miles there which has not a music and dancin licence are deemed to be disorder houses of entertainment."

When the "bottle parties" have be removed from London's night life, the is to be a strenuous police attack on th small drinking clubs which keep ope during the hours when ordinary publi houses and restaurants are closed.

Again, it is likely that proceedings w be taken under the Disorderly Hous Act, on the score that gaming habitually carried on in such clu through the medium of gamblin machines. Whether the machines a removed from the clubs does not matte So long as evidence shows they ha been installed there for three days more, *that*, on high legal advice, regarded as being sufficient.

Such proceedings will be a pr liminary to the passing by Parliament the new Club Regulations Bill, whic once it becomes law, will effectively e once for all the undesirable drinki club.

RECORD SECURITY GIFT FOR ALL

"AND the bells were ringing
The Old Year out
And the New Year in."

As the chimes bid farewell to 1936 and welcome to 1937, it is natural to pause a moment to reflect and to hope—to reflect on what has happened, and what has been done, during the past twelve months; to hope for happy days ahead.

In many of our registered readers' thoughts of the past year there will loom largely the vital part played in their lives by JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift—by providing that confidence and security that is so essential to true happiness—by protecting *husband, wife, children and the home* against the perils of everyday life—by extending prompt and practical assistance in the hour of need in a manner that has won nation-wide praise.

And in their thoughts of the future it is only natural that those readers will look forward to the continuance of this unique and unrivalled safeguard for themselves and their dear ones during 1937.

The realisation of these hopes appears on the centre pages of this issue, *which contain the complete list of benefits of* JOHN BULL's *world-record Free Family Insurance Gift for* 1937.

A glance at these benefits will at once show readers that the unrivalled scope of this Gift of Security has been maintained throughout—exclusive features ensuring at all times the security of the home, unique assistance in times of sickness, protection against dangers that are ever prevalent.

In reviewing the Service which we have been proud to render to our registered readers under our Free Family Insurance Gift it is immediately evident why this Insurance, which is unique among all newspaper Free Insurance Schemes in the world, has come to be looked upon through the length and breadth of the land as the Greatest Charter of Safety for the Family.

No greater proof of the *real* practical value of this Insurance to readers is needed other than this: *that since the inception of the scheme more than £500,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants. Think of it!* OVER HALF A MILLION POUNDS!—*a world record in Weekly Newspaper Free Insurance.*

When registered readers' homes have been gutted by mankind's dread enemy—FIRE; when the merciless flames have destroyed household possessions that have taken a lifetime to get together, JOHN BULL has been quick to answer the call for help with a generous cheque that has proved a salvation.

When registered readers' homes have been ravaged by the angry heavens—fierce storms, furious tempests and floods that have turned streets into fast-running rivers—JOHN BULL has been prompt to act.

Sickness Benefits are yet another exclusive feature of this great scheme—invaluable to meet the expenses that would otherwise add an extra burden to the home exchequer. The benefits offered under this heading are clearly defined on page 21.

JOHN BULL *is the only paper in the world to assist its readers in this way—the only paper to safeguard household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and the only paper to pay Sickness Benefit.*

Other benefits include generous provision for *Home Accidents, Children's Accidents, Accidents on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing Fatalities, Loss by Burglary, and Damage to Wireless by Lightning.*

You, who are now reading this, should turn to the centre pages and *see for yourself* what JOHN BULL this week offers you *free*—protection for yourself, your wife, your children and your home. Could any Security plan for the family be more comprehensive? Similar protection to that which we provide *free* would if obtained through an insurance company, cost you at least two guineas in annual insurance premiums.

* * *

Present registered readers automatically qualify for the full scheme of benefits under our 1937 Free Family Insurance Gift, which supersede and cancel those previously in force.

There is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

But if you have not yet registered, *do so at once by filling in the Registration Forms on page* 21.

This simple act won't take more than a minute of your time—a minute that might well represent the difference between safety and disaster.

CRIME IN TWO GREAT CITIES

Razor Kings OF GANG WARFARE

Boredom and bravado produce this kind of thing

GANG warfare in Glasgow has again sprung into prominence by the heavy sentences imposed on four youths for the killing of a member of a rival gang.

The sentences were of three, four, seven and ten years' penal servitude respectively for their shares in the death of one of the most notorious and most feared leaders in this peculiar underworld.

Glasgow's gangsters, in the second largest city in the Empire, are no Scottish copy of the highly organised and highly profitable gangs which flourished in America until they were ousted by the G-men and the repeal of Prohibition.

Scotland's youthful terrorists are the products of boredom, bravado, misconceived religious partisanship, and a desire to live without working at the expense of anyone whom they can bully without bringing the law down too heavily on their heads.

These heads are filled with ideas of religious hatred at school where feuds begin at times like St. Patrick's Day, when bands of youths can be seen fighting with clothes poles in the "war" of Scotch or Irish.

This "Scotch or Irish" slogan is roughly the line of demarcation between the Protestant and Roman Catholic groups in the City.

HERO WORSHIP

There is a third side, the Belfast Protestants, and on festive occasions like the Orange Parade there is plenty of opportunity for these youths to work off their grievances under the influence of drink.

As soon as a gangster is punished in court he becomes the hero of his particular group of street-corner friends and is the idol of the girls who prefer their men to be fighters.

It matters little to them that the weapons may often be potatoes with safety razor blades sticking out, or that the loser has been slashed with a razor, or has had his face distorted for life with a broken bottle.

If the punishment takes the form of a fine the "Billy Boys" or the "Danny Boys" immediately begin to terrorise small shopkeepers, such as tobacconists and newsagents.

If one of the gangsters is arrested and fined, enough money to pay more than a dozen fines is extracted under threat of withdrawing "protection" from the attacks of the other gangs. Each shopkeeper pays from 2s. to 10s. according to the size of his premises.

To show how brave they are, these idle youths will sometimes raid a public-house and steal half a dozen bottles of whisky, and so are fortified for the next encounter with their rivals.

Again, the raid will take another form, and one of the scores of dance halls in Glasgow's working-class districts will be terrorised. Even dance hall patrons are compelled to pay for "protection," as well as the proprietors of the smaller kinemas.

At present most of the gangs are located in Bridgeton, in the heart of the city. And their members seldom take active part in the silly feuds after they are twenty-five.

Sometimes a gang will take its name from a street, from a district, or from a few blocks of Glasgow's slum tenements.

Social workers are convinced that this unsavoury part of the city's life could be easily wiped out by removing the potential gangsters in boyhood to better homes than those they are compelled to occupy through the poverty of their parents, or through their own inability to get work.

Few of the street-corner braves know anything of the religions for which they are ready to slash one another's faces, and fewer still have ever seen the inside of a place of worship.

In Scotland there is a special boredom born of the fact that the club spirit is not nearly so well developed among the workers as it is in England.

Sunday is the worst day of all for breeding this warfare, for the public-houses and cinemas, which might at least provide a place where youths could meet under some sort of supervision, are closed.

The sullen looks which meet the ordinary passer-by indicate quite clearly that the victims of this anti-social disease are just fed-up. Yet they are allowed to direct their energies into lawless channels.

TEN TO A ROOM

Three-quarters of the population in some of the poorer sections of Glasgow are on relief, and the housing conditions in the centre of the city are among the worst in the land.

In some cases, just as in Edinburgh's old quarters, the overcrowding reaches the amazing figure of eight or ten persons to a room.

To state these facts is not to deny that Glasgow Town Council, with a Labour majority, has made great efforts to clear the slums.

These efforts have brought relief to many oppressed sections, but the work cannot be done quickly enough to cope with the victims of unemployment caused by the new tendency to turn youths into the street as soon as they reach the age of eighteen.

As quickly as Glasgow's Labour civic rulers deal with one side of the problem, it seems that a new difficulty meets them from a new angle and has to be tackled in an entirely new way.

Because of the demand for cheap labour there are fewer women unemployed than men, and these women are ready to pay for the pleasure of seeing the heroes of their own gang idle their lives away.

These petty tyrants have no ambition to become rich like their American brethren; they just want enough to live on, to drink on and to be able to show off before their women.

CODE OF HONOUR

There is lots of street betting in Scottish towns, and the favourite form is the twopenny or threepenny double or treble.

Of course, these gamblers cannot hope to make anything out of this form of Turf investment, so the women lend their aid and their hard-earned shillings, and the little gangs go out to show their feminine inspirers that they are ruthless "he-men."

The more ruthless and brutal the victor of a street brawl the more he finds favour with the ladies.

So the savages of a great city burst a few plate-blass windows and throw out the goods and threaten a small shopkeeper, or start a fight at the Rangers v. Celtic football match.

Rangers are supported by the Protestant and Celtic by the Catholic gangsters.

And there is a code of honour even among these petty toughs, for they will not squeal on one another.

The police does all it can, but the victims of this strife seem most anxious that their attackers shall be preserved from the law, so that accounts can be squared in the manner of "gentlemen" of the razor, the broken bottle, and the potato with the safety-razor blade sticking out.

The last-mentioned weapon has at least the merit of being a new way of disposing of old safety-razor blades—and faces.

There is another weapon, the "bannet" or cap with razor blades stuck in the peak. With this weapon an opponent's face can be gashed as easily as with the ordinary razor or broken bottle.

Killing among these gentry with the peculiar peaked "bannets" of their tribe is a rarity, and when it happens it is accidental.

In fact, there have been only five killings in five years up to 1935.

THE CLIMAX

But the forces of social progress are alarmed by this recent outburst of killing which followed a long period free from any such tragedy.

It has been the experience that wherever social clubs and rooms for recreation have been provided the street-corner boys have responded to their influence and most of the gangs in that particular area have disappeared.

These bands of young men and women imprisoned in the internment camps set up by their mistaken ideas of religion must be freed from their self-imposed foolishness.

It is very probable that this recent prosecution has given just the stimulus required to complete the work begun many years ago.

Just a Fishy Story

PROUD faces beamed round the conference table when the Trent Fishery Board met at Derby the other day.

A thousand roach had been netted and given to Nottingham for re-stocking purposes, 700 trout to Rowsley and 130 grayling to Spondon, to say nothing of the perch, chub, tench and dace distributed liberally to turn the Trent area into an angler's paradise. Really, it was splendid!

But what bad news has this grave-faced member of the Executive who is rising to his feet? Those proud smiles melt at his first words. "In three weeks the Board has been robbed of 40,000 fish." Forty thousand fish—and those 130 grayling given to Spondon caused great excitement.

Yes, and it is a thousand times worse than it seemed at first sight. Those 40,000 fish have been netted by the water bailiffs of another Board; by a rival Board—"contiguous Board" were the exact words used—without the Trent Fishery Board being told a word about it.

Indignant voices rise. . . . "Move that we express our strongest disapprobation." . . . "I feel"—this from the chairman, Sir Percival Heywood—"that it is a most unsportsmanlike action." . . . "The Ministry must act." . . .

And then the question that everyone has been hoping someone will dare to ask. "May we have the name of the Board responsible?"

And from the chairman, in the solemn hush that followed: "It was the Severn Fishery Board. . . . I propose to tackle the chairman of that Board personally."

* * *

The Trent Fishery Board doesn't quite know what happened, and the Severn Board is unlikely to tell.

In the absence of further details, therefore, one must imagine long processions of top-hatted men, nets in hands, flitting backwards and forwards through the night between the Midlands and the West Country until a stealthy voice hisses: "That makes just 40,000 of them, boys. Not a bad haul in three weeks. Enough for the present, I think. After all, let's play the game."

There is a phrase "Twixt Trent and Tweed" which is used to express good, solid British unanimity. Will the phrase "Twixt Trent and Severn" come to signify an angler's hate?

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Charity Cannot Save The Cabinet

What Coroners Must Not Do—Officer, But Not A Gentleman—Attlee The Clement—Bravo, Jarrow!

YOUR LORDSHIP,—Your gift of £2,000,000 to help the distressed areas places the nation still further in your debt, and exhausts nearly the praise that can be bestowed on one man for doing by private charity what ought to be the duty of the Government.

While I certainly share your concern for the welfare of the very distressed areas, your defence of the Government in no way wipes out the grave neglect of the task which above all they ought to have tackled with all the energy at their command.

Not only is that my view, but it is the conviction of many Conservative M.P.s who know the problem intimately. And they would be the last to say or do anything to hurt the Government.

Not only that, but the House of Lords has expressed its grave uneasiness over the fact that the Cabinet has done nothing more than make speeches as its contribution towards solving the most serious national problem of our day.

* * *

Whatever your munificence can do, it cannot absolve Ministers from the wrath they have incurred to such an extent that there is a revolt in their own Party;

that Mr. Malcolm Stewart has resigned his post as Commissioner of the Distressed Areas,

and that the position is now worse than when the Government took over full of promises that they would succeed where all other administrations had failed.

As I have said before, "Charity is not enough." Nor can it hide the deficiencies of the elected and responsible Government of the country.

JOHN BULL.

Lord Nuffield's great generosity puts the Cabinet to shame

Sir ALFRED APPLEBY,
Newcastle Coroner

DEAR SIR,—When Robert Wardle, a Newcastle man, came before you during the inquest on his daughter, you learned that he had been unemployed for nearly eleven years.

That was a very kindly enquiry to make, but all the sympathy went out of it when you suggested that "a big strong chap" like Wardle should have gone into the Army "or something" when he could not find work.

It is no part of your duty at any time to act the recruiting-sergeant, particularly when the man to whom you make the suggestions has just lost his daughter as the result of an accident.

JOHN BULL.

Sir MILES LAMPSON,
Ambassador of Peace

DEAR SIR,—Your appointment as the first British Ambassador to Egypt is a fitting reward for the splendid work you have done not only in Egypt but in all parts of the East.

For years you have helped to guide the affairs of Egypt to that point where she could achieve full freedom in closest co-operation with Britain.

Both countries should be proud of you and wish you well in a task which has greater importance because of the recent adventures of Signor Mussolini with his life-and-death interests in the Mediterranean and in Abyssinia.

JOHN BULL.

LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL,

GENTLEMEN,—It took a Ministry of Health enquiry to bring out startling facts about the almost unbelievable way you have been running the Leicestershire maternity welfare service.

True, it is proposed to put up a new building which will house the health department, but that does not answer the facts as stated by Dr. J. A. Fairer, the Medical Officer.

He declared that women were obliged to seek information on maternity in a room also used for giving advice to farmers

See to it that you wipe out your past blunders by arranging for proper offices in which women can seek advice in privacy and comfort.

JOHN BULL.

Pilot Officer R. A. AUCKLAND,
Boscombe Down, Salisbury Plain

DEAR SIR,—For cruelty to a dog you were fined £29 and were ordered to pay seven guineas costs.

You were alleged to have taken a flying kick at a Pekingese, lifting it into the air and fracturing its skull and jaw.

You are certainly an officer, but are no gentleman, and can thank the Salisbury Bench for the fact that you were not sent to prison to the ruin of your career. The Bench thought it was a bad case. I think it was and is disgusting.

JOHN BULL.

PEOPLE of JARROW,
Champion Citizens

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Thirty-one times since 1914 there have been all-clear days in court when there were no cases to be tried and the chairman of the magistrates received the traditional pair of white gloves.

It is a tribute to your real strength that you are so law-abiding in face of so much grinding poverty.

There is nothing more left for you to do to win the heart of the Cabinet. You hold the record for distress, you hold the record for keeping the peace, maybe now your example will inspire the Government to break a record in getting something done for you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PAUL C. McQUOWN,
Churchdown, nr. Gloucester

DEAR SIR,—Not even when your solicitor dragged in the fact that you wore the Malvern Old Boys' tie could he convince the Gloucester Bench that to be a nice fellow and all that was a good defence against a charge of making a false declaration in applying for a Road Fund licence.

The chairman said that he did not believe that an educated man like you did not know what he was doing when he signed a paper.

He was satisfied that you did intend to defraud, ignored the old school tie snobbery, and very properly fined you £25.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLEMENT ATTLEE,
Leader of the Opposition

DEAR SIR,—It was a fine gesture on your part not to press for damages in the case which you brought against those who libelled you in pamphlet called "Truth."

The obvious suggestion in the pamphlet was that you, of all people, were a party to engineering the world war.

The libel was, of course, ridiculous, and the judge's description of you as a very forgiving man in accepting an apology and costs finds an echo in the mind of every Englishman irrespective of Party.

JOHN BULL.

Miss NANCY EVANS,
West Hartlepool

DEAR NANCY,—It was a brave resolution you made a day or two after you and your three sisters had been orphaned. To take on your shoulders at the age of eighteen the task of "mothering" three girls is a tribute to your character.

It is also a tribute to the kindliness of the West Hartlepool people that they were so prompt and generous in their offers of help and gifts.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALLACE FORD,
Film Star

DEAR SIR,—For twenty-one years you searched for your mother, and at last found her in circumstances that would make a fine film, only in this case they happen to be true and a source of great joy to you both.

In a caravan at Norwich the search ended, and now you will have the satisfaction of knowing that if your mother cannot travel back to Hollywood with you, she will live in comfort for the rest of her days. A fine romance for a British-born film star who made good in the land of film-makers.

JOHN BULL.

Major TRYON,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations. Many countries have juggled with their postage stamps, cutting short issues to enhance their value, but you have gone to the other extreme.

Dealers all over the world, spurred on by rumours and consequent demands, have bought thousands of sets of King Edward VIII stamps. Rumour predicted a handsome profit.

At least seven months will elapse, I understand, before there is any possibility of a new issue, and meanwhile you are selling stamps.

JOHN BULL.

It Was A Lovely Circus!

By a Very Special Investigator

IT was a lovely circus.
With not an empty chair.
The band was playing gaily.
Everyone was there.

There were horses, girls on ponies,
Clowns, performing eels,
Conjurers and jugglers,
Acrobats and seals.

The first in the arena
Was a bearded mystery man—
Quick-Change Artist he was called.
Listen to his plan:

By changing their appearance
(Said he) *some* play this game;
I have a quicker method—
I just change my name.

I looked upon my programme
There I found: "Yarn-spinner,
Montagu Norman *alias*
Professor Clarence Skinner."

Neville the Magician
Was the next one to appear.
A stock of yellow envelopes
Was his only conjuring gear.

"The quickness of the human hand," he said,
"Deceives the human eye.
Just watch and do your level best
To solve my mystery."

Then members of the audience
Climbed through the arena ropes—
And in a trice their money
Was in the envelopes!

"I can empty any pocket
As fast as it is filled.
That's why," he said, "as Magic
Neville I am billed."

Anthony the Pony
Then trotted through the gate.
Intelligence Tests were what he
Had come to demonstrate.

Three boxes there were, labelled
Germany, Italy, Spain.
The pony, blindfold picked them out
With no apparent strain.

"Now," cried out the ringmaster,
Sounding rather vexed,
"What does the bright little pony
Think that he'll do next?"

The pony stood and shuffled
And neighed uneasily.
His act had flopped, for he was floored
By foreign policy.

A tall, dour man then entered.
His voice was harsh, unsweet.
Some little quadrupeds ran to
And fro between his feet.

He cursed them as he stumbled
And nearly fell right over.
I guessed those little quadrupeds
Enjoyed no life of clover.

"I am Sir J. Reith, B.B.C.,"
Announced the tall, dour man.
"My mongeese here will talk to you
Much better than *I* can."

The mongeese then began to talk—
But the things they said, my dears:
Scandal—gossip—slander—worse—
I had to stop my ears. . . .

And as the tall, dour man went off
(His voice was harsh, unsweet),
The little mongeese scurried to
And fro between his feet.

But the final turn is best of all
When the company begins ter
Parody the rival
Circus at Westminster.

Frock-coated eels, emitting squeals,
Wriggle like M.P.s.
The clowns talk through their hats,
Or crawl on hands and knees.

The jugglers balance phrases.
Spit words, or twist the sense.
The lions roar in Front-Bench style.
The seals sit on the fence.

The tight-rope walker makes his stuff
Seem just like Question-Time.
And the elephant blunders just as if
He was in his political prime.

To end it all the stage carpenter
Knocks up a cabinet
Much better than the Government
Has offered us as yet.

Will Hitler Make It Our Blackest Or Brightest Year?

GUNS Or BUTTER

By

A. G. Gardiner

THE New Year on which we are all embarking may well be the most fateful year in history. The tension in Europe has reached the breaking-point. Before another New Year's Day dawns something must happen which will decide our common destiny. Only two visible alternatives are before us. They are: Reconciliation or Catastrophe.

The issue rests with all of us in some degree or other, but I do not think it will be disputed that it rests mainly with Herr Hitler. He more than any man can make 1937 the blackest year in human annals or the brightest.

What will he do with it? I shall not pretend to forecast the reply which events will make to my question. My purpose is to consider the situation out of which that reply will emerge.

The most flagrant fact of that situation is the deepening cloud of depression that hangs over Germany. Her internal condition has long been steadily deteriorating, but this winter it approaches the character of national calamity. She is choked with guns and the material of war; but she has no money, she is short of food, she is sensible for the first time of the volcano beneath her feet—that volcano which has hitherto been suppressed by the iron tyranny of Nazism.

Evidence of all this accumulates daily in spite of the muzzle that Hitler has clapped on the Press, the radio and every vehicle of the expression of public opinion. In a time of peace, and in a world overflowing with food supplies, the German people are tightening their belts against a winter of hunger.

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Fifteen million German families are being mobilised against famine. They are called on to sign declarations of the number of persons belonging to their households in preparation for being rationed for butter, fat, lard and bacon. Regulations of Draconian severity are promulgated each week against food hoarding, and the nation is bidden to eat what it can get, not what it wants.

The desperate remedies applied may enable the winter and the spring months to be survived without an explosion. They may not. Even if they do it will only intensify the shortage next winter.

And as with food, so with money. It is as hard to get money out of Germany as it is to get blood out of a stone. She is hoarding her marks as feverishly as her people are hoarding food. She can pay in kind, especially in guns; but she cannot pay in money and her industry is reduced to a system of primitive barter. So panic-stricken is she about her currency that she has just passed a law inflicting the death penalty—by beheading—on those who smuggle money or securities abroad or maintain funds abroad without reporting them to the Reichsbank.

Think of it! Your head may be severed from your body if you have a hundred pounds lying perdu in a foreign bank! I believe you would ransack history in vain for a parallel to such monumental panic.

As to the murmurs from beneath, these are evidenced by Goering's grim warning about "peace in our factories," and the mass arrests of workers that are taking place throughout Germany.

For example, forty-six employés at a bakery at Duisburg, together with five hundred of the baker's customers, have been clapped in concentration camps by the police. And at the naval base at Kiel sixty workers have been arrested and their families threatened with death if they breathe the fact abroad.

That is the position of Germany to-day. Why? She is not a beleaguered city: she is a beleaguered nation. Her famine is not imposed from without: it is imposed from within. It is not an act of God: it is an act of policy.

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The policy has been drummed into the ears of the nation by Goering and his satellites in the phrase "Guns before butter." The people are to starve in order that Germany may be converted into an arsenal before which Europe will tremble. She must be made self-sufficient, self-dependent for war, though the people perish in the attempt.

It sounds like a dream of Bedlam or Colney Hatch. But it is true. It is the gospel of the gunmen raised to the plane of a national policy.

This insanity cannot continue another year. If it is bluff, the bluff must be called. If it is sincere, the menace must be taken by the throat. The issue rests with Hitler. Nine months ago he accompanied his breach of the Locarno pact by an offer of a new treaty. From that offer he has recanted. He ignored our reasonable enquiry as to its meaning, and reverted to a frenzied attempt to mobilise Europe into two economic blocs—Fascism against Communism.

He sought to inveigle us into that crazy scheme. He flung himself into the arms of his fellow dictator across the Alps—himself a former Anarchist and still an Anarchist at heart—to frighten us into that scheme. Under the rose, he is backing the rebels in Spain from the same fantastic illusion.

What he has done has been four things. He has reduced his nation to the condition I have described. He has compelled Britain to rearm on a scale which we hate, but which all parties approve, and which is fast making us the dominant Power in Europe. He has re-forged the attachment to France which none of us wanted to see renewed. He has drawn us nearer to Russia, whose internal political system we loathe as heartily as we do that of Germany.

And now Europe awaits Germany's next step. Is it to be a reconstruction inside the Nazi Party which will replace Hitler by some other dictatorial power? That, I think, is out of the question, for however his policy has failed, his personal prestige remains.

More likely is a revolution by the military leaders, who are the real power behind the dictatorship. Such a revolution would retain Hitler as the figure-head, while liquidating the Goerings and other party bosses, and substituting a milder and saner German policy. This would relieve the tension and possibly pave the way to understanding.

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The worst to be feared is that Hitler may cling to his anti-Bolshevist programme and the Goering gospel of "Guns rather than butter." In that case he would seek an escape from the internal dilemma by declaring that Germany's miseries are due to the machinations of enemy Powers and by a desperate foreign adventure.

The chief obstacle here would be the army. It is not ready *now* for so vast a gamble. Armaments alone are not enough. War needs plentiful food and plentiful money. And Germany has neither.

There is another course. It is the only course that can ward off the imminent catastrophe and make 1937 a year of reconciliation. Let him drop, as the *Times* urges him, his notion of "fighting Communism with bayonets." We know a better way of dealing with Communism than that. It is the way of liberty and the happiness and prosperity that liberty brings.

Let him get rid of his Goerings and his "Guns rather than butter" bosh, and set himself to salvage Germany by bringing her into a peaceful European system. If he does this, let Europe not repeat the ghastly mistakes which brought him to power.

Let us convince him and the German people that we want to help them as equals and friends, that no reasonable grievance about colonies or raw materials will be burked, and that in a reconciled Europe is the only way to a resurrected Germany, with plenty of food to eat and money to spend, as well as to a community of nations at peace within itself.

An old woman gets her ration at a Winter Relief Station in Berlin. Behind looms one of the big guns which Hitler has sent into the Rhineland

★ *Politics and You*

Growing Lights o' London

PARLIAMENT has been talking about the size of London. M.P.s are getting frightened at its amazing growth. Some of them are beginning to think that something should be done to stop it.

To-day it sprawls over an area of 117 square miles, contains a population of 10,000,000—nearly a quarter of our whole population and a number greater than that of some of the Dominions. In the last twelve years its increase has been equal to the whole of the people of Manchester and Liverpool put together.

* * *

London is not the only part of the country to extend in this way. There has been, though to a much less extent, an influx into the Midlands—Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire and Warwickshire have been attracting settlers.

Where have they come from? Scotland has sent some. Wales, too, especially South Wales, has sent others. Principally, however, they have come from the northern counties. There has been a steady drift southward from that area said to amount in recent years to a total of 1,500,000 souls.

A century ago the industrial North served the world. Her factories and foundries hummed and clanged with orders from overseas.

As recently as 1929 we exported 3,700 millions of square yards of cotton. This year less than 2,000 millions were sent. Looms in Burnley have dropped from 100,000 to 50,000.

Yet, though these old industries upon which British supremacy was built are contracting, newer are springing up. The coming of the motor car, the aeroplane, modern methods of warfare like the bomb, and other light and highly mechanised industries have brought work to the Midlands, London and the South generally.

Nearness to coal no longer matters. Transport is no longer a problem. Out of 513 factories established last year 213 were opened in the London area. Only 16 were started in Lancashire, and 82 others closed down!

* * *

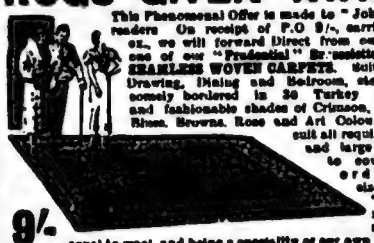
Another industrial revolution is in progress, and our statesmen should do something to plan industry along proper lines.

The common-sense solution, of course, is to try to spread industries more evenly over the country, in smaller communities with easy and quick access to the countryside.

Though the problem is a difficult one, this is no reason why the Government should shirk it.

The interests and welfare of the nation must come first.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



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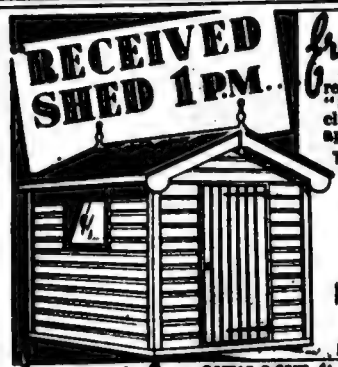

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OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk 4. G.K.), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Charles Laughton *Sir James Orr* *Jean Batten* *Laurence Binyon* *Miss Lind-af-Hageby* *Herbert Morrison* *John Hilton*

MY Honours List

BY HANNEN SWAFFER

The New Year Honours List has been postponed until February. Here is another, which, of course, does not presume to forecast whom the King should honour. It is Hannen Swaffer's Own. . . .

THE truth about honours is that people who have deserved them don't want them. Virtue, indeed, is its own reward.

Honours began when kings decided to strengthen their position by binding to them people who stood out in the State because of their wealth, their influence or their public service. . . . Still, if there is to be an Honours List, it should include those people who have served the State best.

Stanley Baldwin should go immediately to the House of Lords. He was grand in the Crisis, when the Dominions, having won freedom from Whitehall's dominance, actually left to him the handling of the most difficult situation any Premier has had to face for years. In spite of that, he is out of touch with the Britain of to-day. He is too lazy and too tired to fight the Vested Interests that would oppose whatever schemes he would have were he not too indolent to work them out. Besides, I am afraid he is still "Old Sealed Lips" in most of our minds.

Modern Tories Wanted

My ideal Honours List would give peerages to most of the leading Tories in the Cabinet. It would send them to a House of Lords where they could do no harm.

Then the more modern Tories—W. S. Morrison, the new Minister of Agriculture, "Bob" Boothby, Capt. Macnamara and other of the younger Tories—might have a chance. There are at least a dozen young Tories in the House who have courage and who have modern minds. They might do something really drastic for the Distressed Areas and substitute for the present muddle in the nation's internal affairs some plan.

Who is there in literature who should be honoured? I have been going through all the list of authors and dramatists and poets and I have found, with the exception of Wells and Shaw, who wouldn't take anything, only one name worthy of recognition. That is Laurence Binyon, a brilliant but unsuccessful poet-dramatist, who throughout the ages will be remembered for a few lines that are immortal.

Immortal Words

"They shall not grow old," he wrote, "as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them."

They are engraved outside the British Museum, where for so long Binyon worked among the prints. And they will live as long as any of the antiquities housed in the Museum's walls.

Three names stick out in the world of art—Augustus John, our greatest portrait painter, Epstein, a sculptor who has braved derision and scorn while challenging Convention, and Dod Proctor, whose "Dawn" was the finest picture of its year, and who shares with Dame Laura Knight the distinction of being one of the two greatest women artists in the world. Then there is James McBey, by far our best etcher.

What could you give Herbert Morrison? In three years he has started to build a new London. He is, indeed, the greatest municipal administrator the country has ever produced.

Then the nation should honour Dick Coppock, the former bricklayer, who in little more than two years evolved the Green Belt scheme which ensures, as open spaces for the metropolis, a larger area than the County of London north of the Thames.

Work For London

Near Dick Coppock I would rank Mrs. Cecil Malone, who has humanised London's public assistance, and Dr. Somerville Hastings, who has transformed the L.C.C. hospitals.

Why has Alderman Jackson been forgotten? He, a working man, slaved for nearly forty years for what is now called the Withernshawe Estate, the new Manchester, one of the greatest housing schemes in history.

Then there is Alderman Rowlandson, who, in Sheffield, has done so much to humanise a great city.

How could we reward Sir John Orr? When working to improve Scotland's agriculture he thought one day, "If people ate more, it would be good for farmers." So he examined the figures. His discovery, and then his revelation of the fact that nearly 20,000,000 people in Great Britain are under-nourished, was a national service for which no honour could be too high.

Brave Commissioner

Malcolm Stewart's work for the State was inestimable. People of my colour in politics rather suspected him when he was made Commissioner for the Distressed Areas. We thought he would report what he was "expected" to do. With a courage for which the whole nation owes him deep gratitude, he faced facts, and evolved schemes, and then, when Neville Chamberlain turned him down, resigned as a protest. By so doing he made the Distressed Areas a really live issue.

Then I would honour Capt. Geoffrey Crawshay, his assistant in South Wales, for not resigning. Often disheartened, he felt like doing it. But, for the sake of South Wales, he stopped in, blamed, sometimes, by all sides, but "carrying on."

I would give honours to all sorts of people who fly—Charles Scott, for instance, yes, and both Jim Mollison and Amy, in spite of their mistakes. Time after time, all three of them performed great feats. America still makes a fuss about Lindbergh. We have our Lindberghs, you know.

There is Jean Batten, for instance. When, after flying to Australia, she went on to New Zealand, she said, before setting out alone on her thousand-mile flight across sea, "If I am ever missing, I don't want anyone to risk his life looking for me."

Seldom in one year do two British diplomats stand out. All through the Abyssinian war, however, Sir Sidney Barton, the British Minister at Addis Ababa, behaved splendidly. So, too, when Madrid was bombed by Fascist baby-killers, Ogilvie Forbes, the British Chargé d'Affaires. He stuck it, aiding, comforting, doing his best.

Our Greatest Actor

In the world of amusement, three people dominate—one is Charles Laughton, the greatest living actor, whose Rembrandt is a personal triumph for him, though I am afraid the film is too good for the great mass

Alexander Korda, its producer, who is now a British subject, has done more for British films than any other man.

Then there is Gracie Fields, the most vital individual stage performer of our generation. Still, whatever they call her, she would remain "Our Gracie."

What about Mrs. Violet Meyer, of Hull? She set a new standard in humanity when she wrote to Sir John Simon, begging him not to hang Arthur North, who had murdered her sixteen-year-old daughter!

And Sir John Simon—you may be surprised to hear me say this—should be honoured. We blame him over Geneva. But, since then, as Home Secretary, he has reprieved more murderers than any of his predecessors. Besides, when the trouble came about Fascist uniforms, he evolved the Public Order Bill as quickly as it could have been done. For that challenge to Fascism, and to public disorder, he has deserved reward.

Best Broadcaster

Then there is Professor John Hilton, to my mind the best broadcaster. He has given listeners-in a new understanding of the problems that confront obscure lives.

I would give something to the Rev. Donald Soper for his courage in the last few weeks in admitting, on the air, where the Church was wrong, in answering so tolerantly, and with so much understanding, his many critics—yes, and for his guts in speaking on Tower Hill, once a week, and arguing a hostile crowd into friendliness.

Then, also among parsons, too, there is Dick Sheppard, the bravest and most fearless of all of them. You may agree, or disagree, with his pacifism. But he does not equivocate. He means it.

Then with him, of course, is George Lansbury, to whom only an O.M. could be given, because George hates titles. Of all the people of Britain, he is beloved because of his humaneness.

Two women should be honoured for their work for the animals—Miss Lind-af-Hageby and her friend and colleague, the Duchess of Hamilton. In order to prove the need for the compulsory use of the humane killer, they have gone into slaughterhouses by the hundred, and, although two cultured women, looked on cruelty by the hour, and then gone on platforms half across the globe, championing those who cannot speak for themselves. History will inscribe their names in letters of gold. We should recognise them now.

At King's Cross, sometimes, I see schoolboys clamouring for the autograph of Mr. Samwells, who drives the new express train between London and Newcastle. He is typical of many workers worth more than their pay.

Sometimes I see, too, Herbert Smith, the miners' leader who, when lives have been lost in the pit, rushes down himself, rescuing, searching out the cause.

I remember, too, Father Groser, the splendid Anglo-Catholic priest who, in the East End, has, for years, slaved to bring Jew and Gentile together, and who is not afraid to criticise both.

Although we all criticise Stafford Cripps, for one thing or another, every now and then, his work for the Gresford miners was so unselfish and so brilliant that it merits much. Unpaid, he was their expert champion through a long and worrying inquiry. For that we forgive his indiscretions.

They gave a knighthood to Nansen and they gave one to Admiral Sims. Two great foreigners stand out this year—Franklyn Roosevelt, that splendid man whose name will go down to posterity with those of Washington and Lincoln, and Ossietzky, the German pacifist who won the Nobel Prize. Germany sent him to jail. Then the world acknowledged the splendour of his genius. How small and nasty he made the Nazis look!

Then I would give something to Jack Hobbs. After W. G. Grace he stands out as the people's cricketer.

We should honour, too, W. J. Brown. He nearly worked himself to death, but, after a strenuous fight with the Government, he got more pay for thousands of Civil Servants.

No, we are not decadent people. Mine is only a hastily-planned list, one with many omissions. There are working in every department of the life of our great country thousands of people who are building up and not seeking to destroy. You all know some of them personally, however humble you may be.

Oh, yes, and the Talking Mongoose should get something. He told us quite a lot about the inside of the B.B.C.

'John Bull' Forecasts THE BIG NEWS Of 1937

WHAT is going to happen in 1937 to you, to Britain, to the world?

Here is a forecast based, not on astrology or any other kind of nonsense, but on the best information JOHN BULL can gather from experts.

The indications are only strong probabilities, based on present trends.

Greatest event of the year, we all know, will be the Coronation of King George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth. It will be the most brilliant ceremony of any kind until the visit of the King and Queen to India.

The Coronation will be a fine boost to trade, already risen to a high level; we will enjoy it as a spectacle, and apart from the great benefit the country will derive from it the Empire will be more closely knit together, and all the harm done by the abdication of Edward Eighth will be repaired.

When the King and Queen arrive in Delhi for the Durbar the three hundred and fifty millions of India's people will have started on the greatest system of self-rule the world has known. By that time, too, the Indian princes will have taken their place in the federation.

☆ ☆

Standard rate of income-tax will have to be raised by at least threepence—from 4s. 9d. to 5s.—and super-tax payers will have to contribute a good deal more to help to meet the cost of the rearmament programme.

Tea, sugar, and beer are on the list of articles to bear an increased burden, for the Budget will have to find many millions, and provision will have to be made for repaying the huge arms loans that will have to be raised.

In ordinary times trade could bear the higher taxes on a rising income, but raw materials will be so much dearer that prices will have to follow suit, and, as usual, the consumer will have to dip farther down into his pocket.

The adverse trade balance will go on rising because the imports of raw materials for the arms programme will never go out as exports unless we go to war, and there is no profit in that.

But with all that, 1937 will escape the full burden of the cost of arms, which will come in the next two years when the rate of expansion will be at its fullest. So, make hay while the sun shines in the labour market and lay aside a little for a rainy day if you can.

☆ ☆

Saturday shopping is going to take a lot more out of housewives' purses, especially in the early part of the year, but wages will go on rising. Bread will be at least a penny a quartern more.

American wheat harvests have failed, and when wheat fails all cereals follow suit. That, in turn, means that you will have to pay more for all kinds of meat, whether it comes from pigs or cattle, for they depend on that part of the cereal crop that the miller cannot use.

The British Government's calling of an international meat conference will also help to send up the price of the week-end joint. New arrangements dealing with the import of all kinds of food will follow the Imperial Conference which is to be held at the time of the Coronation.

Quotas will be abolished; there will be free entry of Dominion products with a tax on foreign shipments. But for the housewife the result will be the same as before, for prices will be kept "stable" by arrangement. When the demand falls off, all the Governments concerned will hold up supplies.

Serious shortage of potatoes will last from February till summer, and prices will go up in the late autumn. If you have room, store away a sack or two, for there will not be any earlies from Spain. All Spain's seed potatoes will be eaten up by a semi-starving people. Germany and Italy have been so active buying up the remnants of the world's reserve supplies—their own harvests having shared the general failure—that all the great wheat-growing nations have decided to plant record acreages. That will not help much, for Britain in the latter part of the year will be buying in a year's reserve supply to be held in case of general emergency.

Germany's "self-sufficiency" plan will fail so badly that she will have to purchase huge supplies from abroad, and that again will keep the market short and prices too nimble.

The British Government's only way of dealing with the "surplus" of food—while thousands have not enough to eat—will be to provide more free milk in schools and for maternity centres and nursing mothers.

An allotment, as well as a few hens or ducks, will be a good investment. But see that the livestock is healthy and free from the poultry diseases which will keep up egg prices for another year.

☆ ☆

Seats cheaper, shows more human and films less historical; that is what to expect when you go out to be entertained.

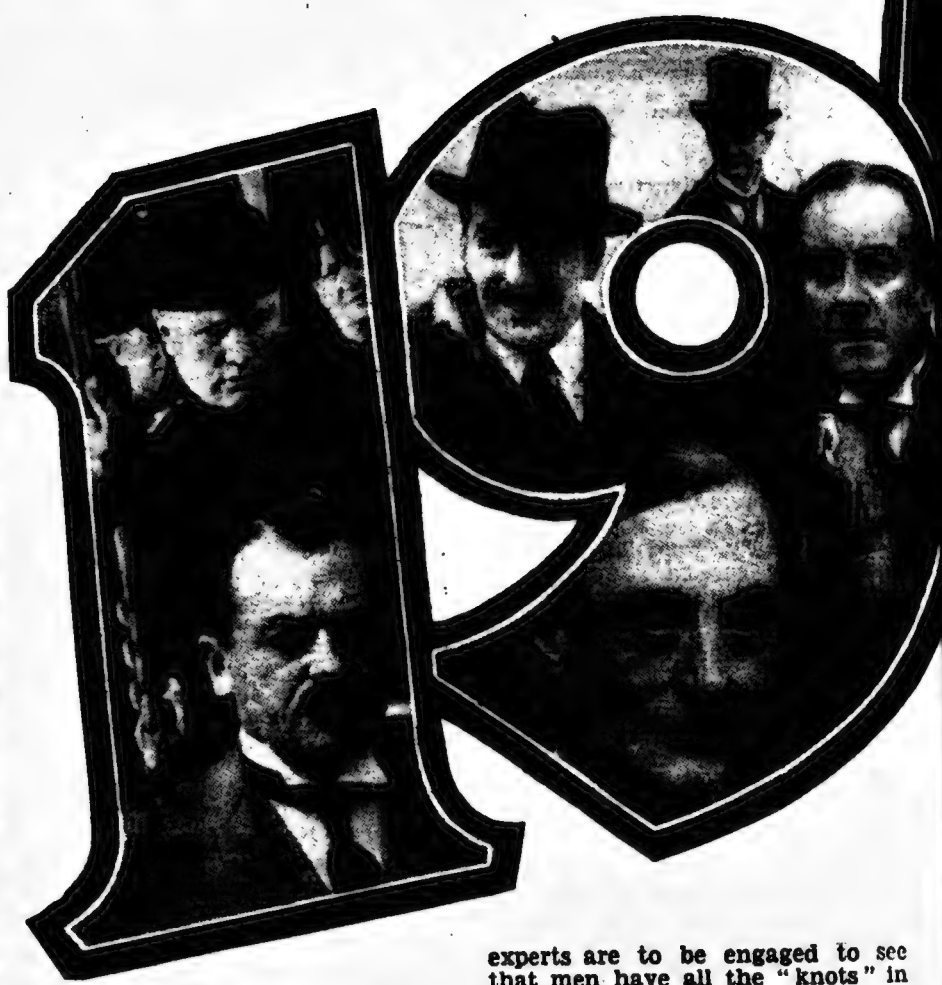
The heartless play is doomed. In its place there will be more wit, more humour and more sentiment.

This will reflect the biggest change in the national outlook since the war, for the cause of a nation's laughter is a true index of its mind.

"Frothy," arty successes of the last few years will disappear. Musical shows are going through another testing time.

Films will still be taking all the talent of our leading actors and writers, with the result that the screen will smash all previous records.

New, gayer, and more comfortable cinemas are going to show more and better British products. Shakespeare and Dickens are to have a well-earned rest from the glare of the bright lights.



Hollywood will still be well ahead of its nearest rival—England.

Entertainment kings are worried about the effect of the Coronation, for all their forecasts of a boom did not come true during the Jubilee, and they are afraid that the thousands of visitors will be coming not to look at shows but to stay out of doors.

Radio has few technical advances to make, but there will be an immense stride taken in the development of television. By the end of the year tens of thousands of people will be able to buy the new and cheaper "looking-in" sets.

☆ ☆

Best of the post-war years is in prospect. From now to the end of the season football will be better, cleaner, nicer to watch. Influenced by the displays given by Continental teams visiting England our younger, brainier players and the managers realise that spectators want real football.

Psychology will now begin to play an important part in the game, for experts are to be engaged to see that men have all the "knots" in their minds untied during training so that they can put their best into the game.

Tennis will not be the same without Fred Perry. England will lose the Davis Cup to Australia. That country is expected to win the men's and women's singles at Wimbledon. All the honours that Perry held will go to young Donald Budge, of the United States.

Results of Test Matches in Australia will determine the future of cricket in this country. We have only three young men of promise—Gimblett (Somerset), Dennis Compton (Middlesex, also of the Arsenal), and Edrich (Middlesex), who also plays for Tottenham.

A plan is now being discussed to make cricket really bright. Two-day matches would be played on Mondays and Tuesdays and on Thursdays and Fridays. Wednesday would be free for travel, and Saturday would be given up to a one-innings a-side game that would draw the crowds because it would be bright.

In boxing all the "white hopes" are black or foreign. Schmeling will regain his world title, but Louis will not be allowed to compete with him. We have only young Peter Kane, and he needs careful handling to be certain of reaching maturity safely.

Athletics will benefit by the £15,000 in prizes to be put up by White City for annual tournaments

to match our men against the world's best in preparation for the Olympic Games at Tokio in 1940.

Racing will have a record season, and though the King has not many first-rate horses in training everyone on the Turf hopes he will have a few wins in Coronation year.

Greyhound racing will take more money than ever.

☆ ☆

Bright as the evening star will be the star of Mr. Stanley Baldwin when he gives up the Premiership shortly after the Coronation, at the age of seventy. His reputation will keep all the lustre it gained by his skilful handling of the crisis that preceded the abdication.

When Mr. Neville Chamberlain leads the Tories there will be many dissensions, for he cannot hold either his own party or the country as Baldwin did.

A big change is assured in the Cabinet, and one of the earliest victims will be Mr. Duff Cooper, whose recruiting campaign has been an inglorious struggle, based on the idea that if the nation were terrorised all the available young men would rush to join up.

The man who follows him will be a sacrifice to find out how much compulsion the nation will stand for. Some form of conscription will be tried, and the opposition to it will cause still more strife among the Tories.

Even the obedient Mr. Anthony Eden may be swept away over the Spanish war, and Mr. Ernest Brown is the likeliest victim in the inevitable storm over the Black Areas.

This issue is the one that will dominate politics in 1937. Loudest and most dangerous threats will come from Conservatives, and there is the strongest possibility that even the Cabinet will be brought to the edge of a precipice.

By-elections will continue to show that the nation expects much more in work plans than the mere sheltering behind the arms plan.

Sir John Simon is to be the next distinguished recruit to the Tories, for they cannot dispense with his brilliant legal brain.

Along with him will go Mr. Hore-Belisha, and after that will come the break-up of the fragments that go to make up the "National" Government.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will follow his great patron, Mr. Baldwin, into the quieter life, and the stage will be set for one of the biggest political clashes for many years.

In an attempt to save their name the Conservatives will try to force some large-scale emigration plan with the Dominions as the principal recipients of Britain's "surplus" population.

☆ ☆

Disunity among the Tories will be the signal for a real United Front in the Labour movement, leadership of which is likely to pass to Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

Among the major scandals to be cleared up will be the "bucket shops." Lots of facts will convince Ministers that this must be done.

State insurance to give the dole to "Blackcoats" can only be kept back by a national disaster.

Great credit will be taken by the Government for the rapid progress on the sister ship to the *Queen Mary*, and there will be a subsidy to keep British shipping alive in the Pacific. Shipping, in general, will be more prosperous, for the world will want more food and goods to be carried.

Germany is obviously the danger zone of Europe. In 1937 her hunger for arms will clash with the people's hunger for food.

[Mr. A. G. Gardiner discusses Germany fully on page 15.]

Memel and Danzig are the danger spots, but exciting and alarming news from Austria is a strong possibility.

Spain, unfortunately, will be news most of the year; the key to this situation is Italy, who has enough trouble on her hands to desire passionately to keep out of danger.

Mussolini wants to keep the Mediterranean a safe place for his navy, and won't risk upsetting England by barefaced intervention in Spain on the side of Franco.

Germany will follow this lead, for the Fascist States have now got to live up to the carefully spread idea that they, and they alone, have a united policy.

So, without the aid of the 100,000 German and Italian troops needed to subdue the rest of Spain, Franco will be slowly driven out.

☆ ☆

Italy, like Germany, is not yet ready for another shooting expedition, so that the "war of prestige" will be delayed until they can get enough to eat and store up arms and trouble for the future.

Jugo-slavia is Italy's next target, but the Jugo-slavs are well equipped, and have the advantage of having beaten the Italians handsomely before.

Russia will be very friendly towards England, for she needs all the trade she can get to hurry on her huge schemes of industrialisation.

All the while Japan will be carefully watched, but that nation has sufficient troubles at home and in China to keep her out of any intrigues Berlin may have planned to embarrass the Russian bear.

France is the enigma of Europe. If Blum keeps power, France and Europe will keep out of trouble, but there is danger from the extremists of the Left and the extremists among the Militarists.

The Prussian-minded generals of France want a preventative war on Germany to upset her plans for the "Day."

Only possible allies in this game are the Communists, who hate Germany as only Frenchmen can. So, if the extreme Left can be induced to bring down Blum the way is clear for an eruption in Europe.

The aim of both the generals and the Communists is to rule after the sudden and successful war.

☆ ☆

While Blum is balancing the warring forces in his own land, he will get plenty of help from the true progressives in this country for any rational scheme to revive the League of Nations.

President Roosevelt will show his statesmanship by the help he will give not only to the American republics for a federation of peace, but he will make offers to Europe, and will accept suggestions that will pave the way for a world conference.

He may not be successful in calling the world's leaders together this year, but by continuous discussion he will prepare the way.

Of his own accord he will start a world movement for the destruction of trade barriers, and in this he will have the eager co-operation of France, whose Premier understands that by keeping the nations busy in the affairs of peaceful trade they will be turned against war.

☆ ☆

First disarm men's minds in the realms of trade, then get them round the table to talk out their grievance in a calm way; that is what Roosevelt and Blum will say, in effect, to the rest of the great nations.

We have travelled round the possibilities of the year, and have come to the reckoning.

When next we come to write this story we will find that thousands who had no decent home when the year began will now have comfort, and a job.

Side by side with the drive for new means of destruction will march all the best instincts of mankind to make life fuller and happier.

When any proposals are made to whittle away your hard-won liberties, you have only to exert common sense to realise that without them you might as well be slaves.

Watch the men who talk of the glories of the discipline of the jackboot.

That is the way to a life of terror in which no man can trust his neighbour.

The race is to those nations and leaders who are most active in securing a system of society in which men can give expression to all that is best in them, to all that they dream about and talk of at their own firesides.

☆ ☆

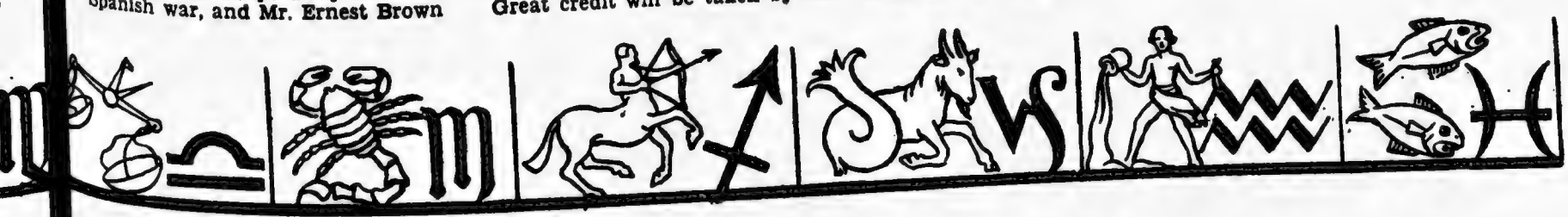
Whatever 1937 holds for mankind—and any catastrophe will surely involve every man, woman and child in the world—it holds out possibility for peace and progress such as this planet has not seen before.

Only the man-made boundaries cemented by the force of national hates and unbrotherly teaching keep all men back from enjoying the plenteous bounty that Nature, science and industry have placed within reach of every one, no matter how humble.

There are many resolutions you can make this new year.

The only one that matters is that which keeps you, your neighbour and your country in the paths of peace.

The alternative is too awful to contemplate. While there is time, make haste and force your leaders to lead you to the promised land, which is England at peace in a peaceful world.



Rover Scout escapes bad Cold by own Good Deed

Bruce's mother, Mrs. H. Coles, Kings Road, Fleet, adds: "Thanks to Vick I have not had one bad cold this winter. At bedtime I rub it on my chest and back. By morning, the cold has disappeared."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

END THAT CHILBLAIN TORMENT TO-NIGHT!

Here at last is quick and certain freedom from Chilblain misery! Already thousands of sufferers have definitely proved that T.C.P. Solution (the new Antiseptic Discovery) stops the burning and irritation *instantly*—and clears up even the worst Chilblains completely in a very few days. Read this letter :—

VERY BAD CHILBLAINS WENT IN 3 DAYS

"My daughter was almost crippled with Chilblains on every toe and all over her feet, making life an agony, as she could not sleep at night for the itching and burning and she looked like having to go to bed with them.

"I tried several recipes, without results. Then I saw your advert. for T.C.P. Solution. I got a bottle and applied the same, with magic result. Itching and burning ceased, and after three days she was able to continue her work as happy as a lark. Yours sincerely," Mrs. A. S., Sheffield.

Just dab T.C.P. Solution on to those agonising Chilblains last thing to-night. Immediately the T.C.P. penetrates, and starts to liquefy and disperse the congested blood that causes the pain and swelling. Thousands of sufferers say it's the quickest, surest remedy for Chilblains yet discovered.

So get relief this very night. T.C.P. Solution (with full directions enclosed) is sold by all Chemists, in 1/3d. and 3/- bottles.

Front Page News (3)

ASSASSINATION

IT could never happen in these days, this Front Page News story that I tell this week. Never happen because it would be impossible under modern conditions for any daily newspaper to gain an exclusive "scoop" on a political assassination taking place in London.

For one thing, the organisation of the Press Bureau at New Scotland Yard would prevent it. For another, the sources of information now available to the news agencies and all the newspapers are far wider and more carefully developed than they were at the time of which I write.

Yet the newspaper with which I was connected in the summer of 1909 did manage to "get away with" a double political murder, committed in the heart of the West End, and before several hundred people.

We came out next morning with nearly a whole page of this tragedy. Not another newspaper had a line about it until a competitor in a very late edition, by discreet lifting of our information, published a few paragraphs indicating briefly what had happened.

Turn back with me to the night of July 2, 1909, in a daily newspaper office on the Thames side of Fleet Street.

Rather a dull night from a newspaper point of view, with nothing much doing except Unionist Party tariff campaign speeches.

I was on what was then called the "nignt news desk." They make the job sound rather more important these days by titling the man who holds it "night news editor." We run to a surfeit of supposed "editors" in these times.

My term of duty was up at midnight. I had two other young reporters with me, who also would have been free at that hour. Incidentally, one of them is to-day without question the most distinguished foreign correspondent in the world. The other has passed beyond my ken.

A few minutes to midnight, and a card —"Mr. D. W. Thorburn"—was brought to me by a front hall attendant. I am afraid I moaned a little. "What on earth can he want at this time?"

Mr. Thorburn was shown up to the reception room, and I went in to see him. He was in evening dress, sitting down and looking rather white and shaken. His fingers, I remember, were drumming on the table.

"Would you," he asked, "pay me £5 if I told you about a murder which has just been committed?"

An artist's impression of the assassination of Sir Curzon Wyllie, showing the murderer in the background

I said that we probably would, but it depended on the circumstances of the murder, and whether the news was worth that amount. Values were very different in 1909.

Then he gave me the facts in bare outline: Lieut.-Col. Sir William H. Curzon Wyllie, a famous Anglo-Indian, had been shot by an Indian student at a reception at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Moreover, in the shooting a Parsee doctor, Cawas Lalcala, was mortally hit.

Thorburn was an eye-witness of the assassination, and actually struggled with the assassin, and with others held him down until the police arrived.

Without question a stupendous story. One that would echo round the world.

Apparently it did not occur to Mr. Thorburn that what he saw had any newspaper value until he was calling a hansom cab to go home. He drove instead to the newspaper office.

I burst in on the Editor to tell him the news which had reached our office in such a lucky fashion. I was so excited that I could scarcely talk coherently.

After that we started in to do some real work. The first edition of the paper was just going to the machines. It was held back to allow us to get into it a "rush" story of the murders.

Meanwhile, two junior reporters were off in hansom cabs to South Kensington. One reached the police station as the murderer was taken into the charge room. He saw the man searched, and was able to note exactly what was found on him before the police inspector on duty realised who he was and had him turned out. He got what we wanted more than anything else—confirmation of the name of the murderer, and his address in London.

The fellow was a Hindu named Mahar Lal Dhingra, and he lodged at a boarding-house for students in Ledbury Road, Bayswater.

When he was searched a document of three closely written foolscap sheets was in his possession. In this Dhingra set out his reasons for deciding to commit a sensational political assassination. He was a confessed Indian seditionist and had resolved to do murder to draw attention to the cause he had at heart.

To give an idea of how Sir Curzon Wyllie was shot, I cannot do better than quote from my interview with Mr. Thorburn, the chief eye-witness. . . .

"Folding doors gave from the side of the main hall on to a wide, square landing leading to the staircase. This landing was used during the evening as a kind of ante-room, where the guests smoked. Chairs were around the sides.

"The musical programme of the reception was nearly over. I was standing by the folding doors looking towards the stairway, when I saw a middle-aged Englishman conversing with a young Indian student, who was dressed in a dark jacket suit and was wearing a pale-blue turban

"Suddenly the Indian drew a revolver. He fired four shots, very rapidly, full into the head of the Englishman, with the muzzle of the weapon close to the face. Then another shot at him as he fell, and a sixth which struck an elderly Indian standing two or three yards away.

"All the shots were fired so quickly that I could do nothing. I rushed at the assassin, while another man sprang at him from the other side of the door. He

GREAT NEW YEAR GIFT FOR YOU

THIS week's JOHN BULL contains an announcement that will thrill every reader.

On pages 4 and 5 will be found particulars of an amazing New Year Gift by the *Daily Herald* which is unprecedented in its scope and magnificence. And here's the thrill—the *Daily Herald* invites every reader of JOHN BULL to accept this Gift.

Here is a complete Library Collection of three big 768-page Library bound books, which have never yet been offered to the public—three of the most remarkable volumes ever published. "Fifty Masterpieces of Mystery," "Fifty Amazing Hairbreadth Escapes" and "Fifty Great Sea Stories," and the three can be yours as a Gift!

These books contain the very cream of the world of thrillers—stories of mystery, terror and dread—great riddles of detection and crime—breath-taking escapes from death, imprisonment and destruction.

The volumes each contain 768 pages, nearly 300,000 words and 17 brilliant full-page illustrations. They are uniformly bound in stiff covers of Black Morocco-grained Cloth, with title and bands on the spine embossed in 22-carat gold.

Here is a whole life-time of terrific adventure—something nobody should miss.

Turn now to pages 4 and 5 and make a point of filling up and posting the application forms at once.

A

£2·2·0

SECURITY

GIFT

FOR EVERY
READER FOR
1937

SEE INSIDE

JOHN BULL'S WORLD RECORD FREE

OVER £500,000 ALREADY PAID

Wonderful Benefits that no other Paper gives.

"JOHN BULL," ever mindful of its readers' interests and inspired by the invaluable service its Great Free Family Insurance Gift has rendered to registered readers in the past, now announces the comprehensive and unparalleled benefits of its world record Free Family Insurance Gift for 1937. These benefits, which appear in full on the opposite page, provide a veritable pillar of security for readers, their families and their homes.

Your motto for 1937

—SIGN AND BE SAFE !

"John Bull" is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by *Fire, Storm, Flood* and *Tempest*. "John Bull" is also the ONLY paper in the world to provide Benefit for *Sickness*. These exclusive benefits, together with the many others incorporated in the Scheme, place "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift absolutely in the forefront—unique, unparalleled and pre-eminent.

A GIFT WORTH £2 . 2 . 0

Already "John Bull" has distributed OVER £500,000 in benefits to registered readers . . . OVER HALF A MILLION POUNDS. To realise what this means, imagine all those pound notes placed end to end one above another. They would rise to more than eight times the height of Mount Everest ! Similar protection to that which "John Bull" provides would, if obtained in the ordinary way through an Insurance Company, cost at least two guineas in annual Insurance Premiums. WE OFFER IT TO YOU FREE.

ARE YOU REGISTERED ?

Present registered readers are automatically qualified for this unprecedented Free Insurance Gift, which supersedes and cancels all previously announced. There is no need for them to re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent. If you are NOT yet a registered reader of "John Bull," fill up the Forms on the opposite page AT ONCE . . . a few strokes of the pen . . . a minute of your time . . . and you will have secured for yourself, your dependants and your home the protection of this Great Free Family Insurance Gift that has already proved a boon and a salvation to so many thousands.

A £2·2·0 SECURITY GIFT FOR EVERY READER FOR 1937

FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT for 1937

WE WILL GIVE

the Registered Reader of "John Bull," or in the event of death the Registered Reader's husband or wife, or dependent children or parents, if any :—

FIRE

£1,000—against loss by fire to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£500—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire, involving the Registered Reader's home.

£250—in case of death of either under such circumstances.

£125—for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under such circumstances.

£10—for Medical Fees for injuries directly caused by an outbreak of fire involving the Registered Reader's home.

£4—per week for both (or £2 per week for either) up to 4 weeks for disablement under such circumstances.

£2—per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING

£200—loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking of a Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects. Provided that first £2 is borne by the Registered Reader.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering the Registered Reader's home for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under such circumstances.

£500—for husband and wife (or £250 for either) for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under such circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence under such circumstances.

£4—per week for both (or £2 per week for either) up to 4 weeks for disablement under such circumstances.

STORM AND FLOOD

£300—loss caused by Storm, Tempest or Flood to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

DAMAGE BY AIRCRAFT

£300—loss caused by Aeroplanes, Airships, or other Aerial Craft to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

GAS EXPLOSION

£100—loss caused by explosion of Gas or Domestic Boilers to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

BURST HOT WATER PIPES

£100—loss caused by bursting of Hot-water Pipes or Water-heating Apparatus to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

£100—should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto ; or

£50—in the case of the death of either under such circumstances.

£3—for a fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£2—will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist, broken leg above the ankle, or fractured skull, excepting accidents of employment or pillion riding.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

£6 6s.—in the case of husband and wife, or

£3 3s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (morbilli), Smallpox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, or Tetanus (Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS ACCIDENTS

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing in a game of Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Pushball or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£5—for a fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING

£200—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£100—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

WIRELESS BENEFIT

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus (including Aerials and Supports) licensed to and owned by him or her at his or her private address as registered.

LIGHTNING

£300—loss caused by Lightning or Thunderbolt to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

ONLY CHILD OF A WIDOW

The unmarried only child (son or daughter) over the age of 15 years of a widow who is a Registered Reader shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader while he/she is permanently residing with and the sole support of his/her mother.

CONDITIONS (A) This scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and accidents or events occurring in the British Isles, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

(B) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen years of age registered with "John Bull" as having personally signed and forwarded to "John Bull" Registration Department the prescribed registration form and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of "John Bull," which has been continuously received from such newsagent and paid for. Provided that a Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement or sickness.

(C) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

(D) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, "John Bull," 122, Long Acre, W.C.2, as to accident benefits within seven days ; fire, burglary and housebreaking and other household benefits within forty-eight hours ; and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself. Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his or her own expense.

(E) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any accident, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or is suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident or fatality, or while in an unconscious state, or due to brawl, assault, war, riot, or civil commotion.

(F) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children or parents (if any).

(G) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(H) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(I) No benefits under the Fire Section will be given unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. Compensation will only be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided : (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police ; (b) there is visible evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments ; (c) the dwelling-house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his or her household within seven days preceding the breaking and entering ; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier, his or her servant or agent ; (e) the first £2 of any loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader and (f) that in the case of jewellery and/or furs compensation will be limited to a maximum of £20. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of fact shall disqualify an application.

(J) The fire, burglary and housebreaking and other household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects excepting money in cash or the equivalent in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction and of a fixed location) or apartments in such dwelling-house or dwelling rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(K) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(L) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of "John Bull" have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of "John Bull"), whose issued share capital is £1,875,000.

(M) The proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to these Benefits and/or Conditions by the publication of a notice in "John Bull," also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time. In any event, these benefits will terminate at midnight, of the thirty-first day of December, 1937.

(N) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, and a fresh order form lodged with the newsagent, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed.

(O) In the event of any dispute between the Reader or any applicant under this gift and the proprietors of "John Bull" the same shall be referred to arbitration in London in accordance with the statutory provisions for the time being in force applicable thereto and the obtaining of an award shall be a condition precedent to any right of action.

If you are already registered, there is no need to complete these forms unless you have changed your address or your Newsagent.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 2/1/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/1/37.

"JOHN BULL'S" UNIQUE FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT

★

LETTERS THAT TELL A GREAT STORY

On "John Bull's" files are thousands of letters from readers gratefully acknowledging generous cheques sent to them as Benefit under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. In their sincerity and very simplicity these letters tell the story of "John Bull's" help to Registered readers in their hour of need more graphically than all the words we could use. Here are just a few of these letters taken at random. Read them for yourself:—

Prompt and Generous Settlement.
"May I take this opportunity of expressing my best thanks for the prompt and generous settlement of claim. It speaks volumes for the businesslike manner you adopt and the absence of formality which is usually associated with Insurance Companies." Mr. S. S., Longton, Staffs.

Thank You.
"Thank you very much indeed for the cheque. I am not accustomed to writing 'thank you' letters, but I have never before received such an acceptable present. Now that the pain has gone it almost seems worth while having had one's arm broken." Mrs. E. S., Clitheroe.

Wonderful Security.
"I never realised when I signed for 'John Bull' last December I was going to receive such a helping hand from it. You say it is a security—yes, a wonderful security. I feel I could stand on the house-top and tell everyone how wonderful a paper it is. I cannot speak too highly of it. The money has come as a Godsend." Mrs. E. G., Sheffield.

Your treatment was magnificent.
"Words cannot express our thanks and admiration for the way in which you so generously paid. Your treatment was magnificent. You need no telling as champion of the working class in how many helpful ways your cheque can be used."
Mr. H. T. L., Gravesend.

Heartfelt Gratitude.
"Your letter with 'John Bull's' generous cheque for loss incurred through gale safely received. With heartfelt gratitude I write to thank you for your goodness. I call this my 'John Bull Home' for it was by your help in life's dark hour I was once again able to get it together. May God bless the paper—the world's friend."
Mrs. J. E. P., Brynpydew, Llandudno.

A True Working Man's Friend.
"We are very grateful indeed for the cheque you have forwarded. Just imagine returning home and finding all your household treasures saturated with mud and water. I can truly speak of your paper as a true working man's friend, and once again I thank you." Mrs. L. R., Bolton, Lancs.

As a Gift from Heaven.
"Your letter with cheque for £20 18s. 0d. to hand for which I thank you. I can hardly word my appreciation, and can assure you the money came as a Gift from Heaven after my unfortunate loss. I should also like to congratulate 'John Bull' on the promptness of payment."
Mr. A. G., Stepney, E.1.

A Friend in Need.
"I acknowledge with grateful thanks receipt of your cheque for £250. It is on sad occasions such as these that the inestimable benefits are brought clearly before one. 'John Bull' indeed has proved a friend in need." Mrs. I. P., Haslingden.

The Second in Three Months.
"May I thank you very much for your generous action in paying me a further cheque on account of my son's broken arm. This was the second in three months." Mr. S. C. P., Farnborough.

Help in time of Trouble.
"Thank you very much for cheque which will be a great help. Once again I have to thank 'John Bull' for help in time of trouble as seven years ago when we had a flood 'John Bull' came to our rescue." Mr. B. F., Ipswich.

Now that you have seen from these letters how prompt and practical is "John Bull's" helping hand, turn overleaf and fill up the Registration Forms at once, if you are not already registered. Remember you not only owe it to yourself but to those who are near and dear to you.

SIGN FOR SAFETY ON THE FORMS OVERLEAF TO-DAY!

By Stanley Bishop

IN LONDON!

I Get The Scoop Of A Lifetime

ggled as we seized him. Wrenching and free, he placed the revolver to head. It simply clicked. He had d all his shots.

Between us, we forced him struggling the ground, and shouted for doctors the police.

A good number of people were near open doors, but inside the main hall. ey heard the shots and saw what hapned. In a crowd they rushed forward. her men came to our assistance.

'Shut the folding doors!' I shouted, this was done to prevent the main embly of guests—the women particuly—from seeing what had happened.

A doctor who was in the hall came He knelt down, looking at the body the Englishman on the floor, and said, othing can be done for him.'

I asked, while I was still holding the dian: 'Who is the man he has shot?' meone called out in horror: 'It is lonel Sir Curzon Wyllie.'

A stately woman in evening dress me upstairs from the cloak room at the nd of the shots.

'Poor fellow,' she said, as she looked the form of the Englishman on the ound. His wounds disfigured him; his e was covered. She knelt by his side.

Then I saw her eyes cloud with guish. . . . Very quietly, almost in a hisper, she said, 'It is my husband, my sband. Oh, why wasn't I with him?'

The woman was Lady Wyllie. She d only left her husband a few oments before to get her cloak. He s following her to the entrance when e Indian student engaged him in conrsation.

It was all too terrible to bear thinkg about. The wife kneeling by her ad husband: a group of us holding the dian, and the other victim lying groang a few yards away.

The doctor turned his attention to e elderly wounded Indian. There was outward sign of a wound on him, ntil his clothing was torn from him, to veal a small, slightly bleeding bullet ncture in the side.

Other doctors came hurriedly and, ter them, the police. One of the ctors was Sir Curzon Wyllie's own edical man, summoned at the request Lady Wyllie.

The murderer was absolutely calm. hile I was holding him, some few inutes after the shooting, I took the portunity to feel his pulse. There was ot a tremor in his arm; not the ightest hastening of the pulse beat. is gold-rimmed spectacles had fallen off the struggle. He asked permission to adjust them. We loosened his hands r a moment, and he quickly pushed e spectacles back over his ears.

"I think he was the least agitated by r of those present.

"We searched him and found on him o other revolvers, each fully loaded, nd a twelve-inch-long dagger with a ather sheath.

"Screens were pulled around the body nd the wounded Indian, and the people ere marshalled out of the hall as apidly as possible.

"Ambulances came and the wounded ndian was taken to St. George's Hosital, while the body of Sir Curzon Wyllie was removed.

"By now a detective officer had taken ver our prisoner and was going through is pockets more thoroughly than we ad done. The officer found a card earing the man's name, Dhingra, and lso a bundle of letters and papers."

Not often has a reporter the luck to

Sir Curzon Wyllie

interview such a good, reliable witness as Mr. Thorburn. He had the faculty of observation highly developed—the type of person who notices and remembers everything.

His vivid account recounted rapidly in the space of a few minutes provided the complete foundation for a newspaper report which, in the end, ran to six columns.

All that remained to be done after Mr. Thorburn finished was to fill in the few gaps—details of the career of the murdered colonel, as much as could be obtained in the early hours of the morning about student Dhingra, and a more general description of the scene before and after the crime.

From St. George's Hospital we learned that there was no hope for the wounded Indian—a Parsee named Dr. Lalcaca. He died in the hospital later.

All the time edition after edition of the paper went to press, each with some additional information about the assassinations.

Every minute we expected a flash from a news agency saying Sir Curzon Wyllie was murdered—a message which would let every other newspaper know.

It seemed inconceivable that news of such importance, with its vital bearing on the Indian political situation at that time, would not "break" in some way. Remember, too, that several hundred people—the visitors to the reception at the Imperial Institute—all knew.

Yet nothing did come out that night.

Deliberately we kept Mr. Thorburn in the office until after four o'clock in the morning. We made him as comfortable as possible and tried to keep him interested. We did not mean him to go elsewhere and talk, perhaps casually, of where he had been and what he had seen.

Our last edition went "to bed" and was printing before we said "good-bye" to Mr. Thorburn, the man who came to a newspaper to sell the greatest murder exclusive on record for the sum of £5. Actually the paper paid him more than the price he asked.

Just when I was closing down, and preparing to go home, my telephone rang. It was an informant with the intimation of another murder—a girl of the streets killed in her flat. This case eventually proved to be a dramatic murder mystery.

Said the Editor when I told him: "Do not worry about it. Let it rest. We have had sufficient of murder for one night."

Lord Morley, then Secretary of State for India, learned of the murder of his friend Sir Curzon Wyllie from our newspaper. Even he received no hint from the police or Whitehall of what had taken place.

I can add one other point showing how fortunate we were to keep this double assassination exclusive to ourselves.

Two reporters, one from a paper and the other from a news agency, attended the reception to Indian students in the Imperial Institute. But they left halfway through, having secured quite enough by then for the brief reports they were instructed to write.

Next day they were the two most bitterly disappointed reporters I have ever seen. What is more, they were both held to blame for not having seen the gathering to its end.

But who, after all, would foresee a double assassination as the climax of an evening of speeches and musical entertainment?

NEXT WEEK:

A Prince In Exile

THE HUMAN MACHINE

WHEN we are disturbed by an unpleasant fact, most of us react in a very irrational way. We cease to be thinking human beings and become little animals. We do one thing after another quite blindly, in the hope of getting rid of the thing that is annoying us or at least of altering it.

Some folks quarrel with the first person they can get hold of; some, while they don't exactly quarrel, go about with all their prickles up in a constant state of irritation with everything and everyone. Others go and tire themselves out with a long walk. Quite a number do nothing at all—except sulk.

It's all silly. None of these things help anyone or remedy anything. They're only symptoms of the disease. For if there is one thing more than another that a study of the mind teaches it is that for everything in mental life there is a definite reason, just as every effect in physical life has a definite cause.

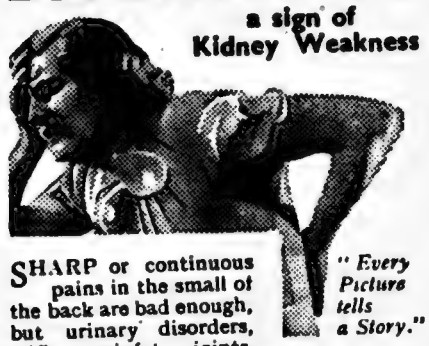
To say that is not to say that the cause can always be found, or even that, if it can be found, it can be found easily; but at least let us be sensible enough to try to find the cause of our worry instead of blindly and stupidly barging around like a frightened bull in a china shop.

For if we search intelligently and honestly—and there is cause for much heartsearching in that last word!—we shall find it more often than not. And once found it can be removed, and next time avoided.

Just as "diagnosis," the art of finding out quickly and accurately what is wrong, is the most valuable part of a doctor's equipment, so it is the most valuable aid to ourselves being able to lead a normal and happy life.

And it is really far more important for us to be good at diagnosis than it is for a doctor. For if we are unable to help ourselves, there is no one in the world who can.

BACKACHE
a sign of Kidney Weakness



"Every Picture tells a Story."

SHARP or continuous pains in the small of the back are bad enough, but urinary disorders, stiff, painful joints, nerve pains, disturbed sleep or swollen limbs may also distress you if the kidneys are neglected. Doans Backache Kidney Pills end these troubles by their special action upon the kidney filters. They strengthen these delicate organs, so that the harmful poisons are properly filtered out of the blood. Rich, pure blood again nourishes the system, and health and vigour are regained.

A Wreck of my former Self

Mrs. A. Watson, "Haysville," London Road, Biggleswade, says:—"For seven weeks I could hardly move. Fearful pains in the back nearly doubled me up. My hands and ankles were swollen and I seemed to lose control of the bladder. There was gravel and a scalding pain in relief. I was a wreck of my former self.

"Doans Backache Kidney Pills were the making of me. Although my case seemed chronic I lost my backache and could work with ease. (*Signed*) A. Watson."

Get Rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

ASTHMA

Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65 year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes; permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it today but *insist on the genuine.*

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

HIMROD'S CURE

Real Relief

for dry, husky, tickling throats.

VICK'S LOZENGES 6d

TASTE GOOD – DO GOOD

Stand Clear!

CATARRH

KEEP AWAY. CATARRH IS INFECTIOUS! Get Relief in 30 seconds. Nostroline nasal remedy clears head, stops discharge. Ends Head Colds, Flu, Stuffiness, Deafness and Head Noises.

1/3 all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J. 69, Clifton, Bristol.

An Old Favourite for the

NEW YEAR

NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d PER OZ.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

If you have kidney trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. Sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked after weakening illness, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

So you must realise that to get relief you must take a medicine that will act directly on the kidneys. A medicine that will reduce the inflammation in the kidneys themselves—one that will tone up those weak organs and enable them once again to do their purifying work.

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills, which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The uric acid deposits which cause the pain in muscles and joints will be dissolved and cast out of the body.

The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

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This Powder is bringing new hope and health to thousands daily.

Happy indeed are the people who possess good digestion and a healthy appetite—Nature's two best gifts to mankind. They can face life's hardships with courage.

But the men and women condemned to suffer the pains of flatulence or palpitation, the agony of dyspepsia or gastritis, or perhaps with their life endangered by gastric ulcers, have the very foundations of their energy undermined.

To such people we do earnestly and conscientiously recommend a course of treatment with De Witt's Antacid Powder. This powder has been prepared to allay the dangers arising from sour stomach. It immediately relieves flatulence, burning pains and overcomes stomach disorders.

One of the most difficult things to maintain in the treatment of digestive troubles is the protection of the stomach walls. The inflamed stomach, which causes gastritis and dyspepsia, not only causes you intense pain, but continues to pour out increasing quantities of burning acids, still further irritating the raw surfaces. De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one ingredient which protects the stomach walls from these acids but does not hinder the work of digestion. In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder actually digests a part of your food for you.

So start the return to health to-day—you will bless the day you first tried—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

1/6 of all Chemists. Double Size 2/6

Strange Journey

"I found myself struggling—fighting to keep his spirit from taking possession of my soul . . ."

THE curious behaviour of the man sitting opposite him was the source of much alarm to Mr. Walsh. Ever since the Stranger entered his compartment at Paddington he had been conscious that there was something wrong with him.

He had dashed into the carriage just as the train was leaving the station. Looking up from his newspaper, Mr. Walsh had observed a tall gaunt man of about fifty with a long face and wide, grey eyes that seemed perpetually haunted with fear.

At first Mr. Walsh was not interested in the man. He had too many things on his mind. But later when he heard him emit a curious groan, he had glanced up apprehensively to see what was the matter.

Feeling that he needed help, Mr. Walsh asked him if he could do anything to assist him. There was no reply.

What he ought to do now, he wasn't sure. If the man was suffering with a fit, it wasn't serious. A heart attack, however, was another matter. He glanced up at the communication cord and wondered if he should pull it. While he did this the train ran out of a blanket of fog and into the clear air of the country.

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 310,347, Mr. H. A. Walsh, 99, Central Hill, Norwood, S.E.19.

After opening one of the windows, Mr. Walsh went over to the man and proceeded to lay him full length on the seat. With this done, he undid his collar and tie; then went to his seat and hoped for the best.

The expression on the Stranger's face now was odd indeed. One moment it was petrified with fear like the face of a person seeing a ghost; the next moment it was in repose manifesting infinite relief. Its colour changed, too.

It seemed hours to Mr. Walsh before the Stranger came to. For some minutes after he regained consciousness, he sat like a person stupefied, rubbing his eyes. Then he sat up and blinked at the man opposite.

"I must ask your pardon," he said in a low voice. Then he went on to explain.

"I often have these turns. The first one occurred nearly thirty years ago." He paused and looked wearily to the floor.

"Heart, I suppose," Mr. Walsh commented, for something to say.

The Stranger smiled.

"I wish it were," he replied.

"No, it's something much worse than that. It goes back to my youth. I was an art student in Paris. I lived with a brilliant young man in the Latin quarter. For obvious reasons I can't mention his name.

"He, like myself, had a great ambition to become a famous artist. But, unlike me, his body was unable to stand the strain of study. It soon became evident that he was suffering with tuberculosis. When he learned this he nearly went mad.

"He could not understand why he should be so frail and I so strong. It wasn't fair, he said. I used to sympathise with him. That was where I made a big mistake.

"After a while he attached himself to me. He pestered me day and night. I couldn't get rid of him. The disease affected his brain. He became morbid. He toyed with fanciful ideas. He had an idea that he was a born genius, that if he died young he would come back to earth.

"But what scared him was the chance that if he did return he would get another diseased body. He began to read every book dealing with the after-life.

"One day he came to me and made a startling revelation. He said that he definitely ascertained that it was possible for an earthbound spirit like his would be when he died, to take possession of a living body. This idea delighted him. He could pick and choose his next body. He could enter the one best suited to his genius.

"He paused in the middle of his conversation and stared at me strangely. He embarrassed me. I felt ill at ease. He noticed this and looked away. Afterwards he spoke at great length on the type of body he would take to fulfil his purpose on earth. 'One like yours, old boy,' he said.

"I treated his conversation as so much nonsense. But I said nothing to shake his beliefs. Soon after this I returned to England.

"The following November I heard that he had died, after contracting a chill. This news perturbed me. When I was in bed at nights I began to fancy that he was in the room. Remembering his talk on getting himself another body, I began to get frightened. Was there anything in what he had said? I wondered. To ease my mind I began to read books on the subject. The more of these I read, the more disturbed I became.

"Soon after this—*it happened*. It was a terrible experience.

"I dreamed that I was walking along a dark lane, when suddenly I was confronted with the dead artist. His face looked ghastly. 'I'm terribly sorry, old man,' he said, 'but it had to happen. My spirit is stronger than yours.'

"Then something awful happened. I found myself struggling. With what I don't know. All I know is that I was fighting for my life. There were no pictures—just physical sensations of dying.

"As soon as I was fully awake, I sat up in bed and screamed. My people, who had heard me scream, came running up to my room. When they heard my story they looked at each other in a manner that told me that they were under the impression that I was mad.

"Later on in the day I was taken to see the family doctor. He could find nothing wrong with me except an excited heart.

"After that terrible experience I was never free of fear. Always at night I would have the same dream of encountering the man who wanted my body. Sometimes I would lie awake until the dawn with my light on. My parents, who had noticed how thin and ill I was, persuaded me to go away on a holiday.

"I went down to Eastbourne. It was there that I had my second experience. I saw him in the day this time. I was sitting along a remote part of the coast by myself watching the sea.

"It was a glorious day. The sun shone strongly in a clear, blue sky, splashing the sea with golden beams. He spoke to me from behind. 'It is useless trying to resist me,' he said. 'I shall kill your soul in the end.'

"Without looking around, I jumped up and ran for my life. I had not gone far before I collapsed. I woke up in hospital some two hours later.

"The doctors there said that my heart was weak. They listened to my story with their tongues in their cheeks. I could see that.

"It's been the same all my life. Nobody believes me. Many of them think that I'm mad. Maybe I am. All I know is that all my life I have been fighting this monster."

As the train drew into the station the Stranger paused.

"What I don't quite understand," Mr. Walsh said, "is why he has kept at you all these years, when obviously he could have selected somebody else—especially since you have been so successful in defending yourself?"

The Stranger stood up to straighten his clothes before getting out of the train.

"It became a personal thing, my friend," he answered. "He was intent on killing me when he discovered that my spirit was as strong as his."

After they had shaken hands, Mr. Walsh observed that there was a weird look in the Stranger's eyes. Whether it was the look of a madman he did not know. Since this strange experience he has been inclined to think that it was.

"At all events, Mr. Phillips," he said to me as I rose to leave after he had given me the details of the foregoing experience, "it's a strange world."

I agreed.

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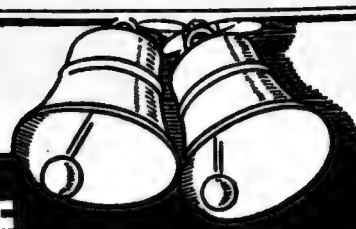

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MORE SMALL ADS. APPEAR ON PAGES 30 & 32.

At The Palace OF THE Red Lion

The old and the new . . . and who would hesitate to state their preference?

SPOKE the chairman of a brewery at a meeting of its shareholders two years ago: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—From now onwards our purpose must be to give the people public-houses that don't have the look of pubs as we know them."

That speech was the genesis of those swell establishments with which the brewers are now dotting the country and which they intend to make the standard type of public-house in the next five years. Two thousand of them came into existence in 1936 and £7,000,000 was set aside during the year to carry on the good work; but that, the brewers say, is only an iota of the enterprise they contemplate in this direction.

High time, too, most people will think when they learn the fact. Don't suppose, however, that the beer barons are at all boastful about their plans. Far from it. They are pushing on with them almost in secrecy. They admit they are ashamed of their murky record of which the barbaric pubs that still exist everywhere in Britain are the witnesses.

They realise now that it was sheer social lunacy to sell drink in places so wretched that legislation had to be invoked to prevent children from entering them. Their repentance is late, but it is thorough.

PRIMARILY, the explanation of the almost passionate desire to make amends for past misdeeds is to be found in the fact that Bung the Brewer no longer exists. It was he who inflicted on his trade and its customers the stigma that it is wrong to be seen drinking in public and that secrecy, hiding away and sneaking in and out were essential to the supply of refreshment.

Bung has been superseded on the boards of breweries by men of intelligence and sufficient business instinct to know that if the licensed trade is to survive, public-houses must be made worthy of their position as centres for communal recreation.

The real truth is that fear fell on the brewers. They began to discern something which warned them that their industry might perish in another generation. It was that young people were no longer entering their ugly and dilapidated public-houses. When they sought refreshment they took it in moderation in places like private clubs where there was space, light, comfort and facilities for entertainment.

That is why there has been an addition to the words above the doorways of the brewers' palaces that are springing up everywhere. The sign "Licensed to sell beer, wines and spirits" has had attached to it the phrase "and for music and dancing."

It was from an eminent architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., that the brewers first derived their inspiration. He told them that the public-house, instead of continuing to be a squalid relic, should be "the hub of our wheel of life, essential to our material need and second only to the church that represents our spiritual necessity."

"The church," said Sir Edwin, "is to the spirit as the inn is to the flesh, and, if good and well designed, they can baulk the Devil himself."

From the moment they heard these words the brewers developed a kind of architectural obsession. They hired for their service the best men in the profession. They are vieing with each other now as to which can possess the biggest staff of well-known architects. Some of the principal breweries have recruited staffs of at least fifty experts in design.

These men are certainly doing their job well. Some of the structures they are raising are of a standard so high from both the esthetic and practical points of view that it is almost sacrilege to call them pubs.

The architects have made one stipulation in undertaking the work—that, as the inns are part of the national tradition, so shall the public-houses of Britain have a civic significance in the future. They begin no work except in co-operation with the local authorities, so that the buildings will not only conform but give a lead to the highest standards of town planning contemplated in the district.

It used to be said that the ideal public-house would be a place into which any man, whatever his status, would not hesitate to take his wife and relations to enjoy a drink. Perhaps the best tribute due to the new houses is that they are places which total abstainers can enter without embarrassment for pleasure and food and refreshment of the kind they prefer.

The restrained Georgian or neo-Georgian styles which have been most commonly adopted for the new licensed premises present an eminently "safe" face to the world. But it is the interiors, with their panelling usually in light cellulosed oak, their space, illumination and unpretentious comfort that have achieved the real reform. Any tendency to stuffiness or garishness has been rigorously avoided.

The cafés, restaurants or dining-rooms they contain are in many cases superior to the best in the West End of London. Most of the places do not close after the licensing hours in the afternoon. They keep open as tea-rooms. One landlord is proud of the fact that his "after hours" patrons have with their tea honey from Mount Hymettus perfumed with mimosa and white violets which he imports specially from Greece!

OF course, dance halls and banqueting and assembly rooms are in the plans for all the new houses where space permits.

The justification for this provision is apparent from the fact that the assembly rooms in those which have been built so far are completely booked up for wedding, birthday and other parties and functions for a year ahead.

The old skittle alley has gone. Its place has been taken by indoor bowling greens, spacious affairs, laid out with a kind of baize for the which can accommodate at least two rinks each.

And every new or converted public-house must have ample room for dart players. No indoor game has ever had anything like the present popularity of darts in this country.

In the making of these and similar changes, however, there has been one fiasco. Wherever new houses have been built outside purely urban areas the brewers have insisted on providing a garden or lawn to encourage open-air drinking in summer. As yet it has been a waste of space and money.

The gardens are little used even in the best weather. There is only one explanation—drinking was made such a hole-and-corner business in the past that people in this country are still actually ashamed to be seen refreshing themselves in the open.

Development of the new-type public-house would have been even faster but for an unexpected obstruction in some parts of the country. It has been raised by the veterans of the Licensing Benches, who still seem to imagine that to increase the "drinking space" in a public-house must mean an increase in drinking and drunkenness.

That kind of nonsensical opposition will not persist for long.

AS Bung has passed from the brewery, so is—regret it or not—Boniface disappearing from the pub. The managers of the new places—dressed white collars, black ties and coats and pin-striped trousers—surely never call themselves publicans. They are a new race in the trade, men of the office class from the Navy and Army, from the Civil Service and so on.

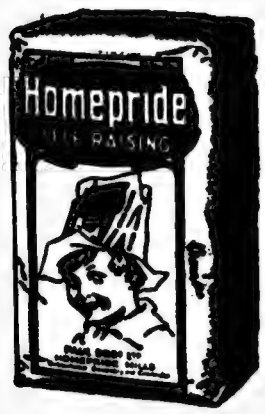
Lately the Ministry of Labour unemployment figures have shown a steady increase in the number of out-of-work barmaids. This seemed strange for the reasons that there is no reduction in the amount of work available and most of the women on the exchange register have long experience of their work. There are no jobs for them simply because the old type of barmaid is no longer wanted.

As each new public-house rises these places are taken by young women of the mannequin class who, in addition to being a sort of superior grade waitress, have also to play the rôle of hostesses.

Also the barman of the old school with jacket off and shirt-sleeves rolled back, has no place in the new conception of public-house arrangements. He must be tall and slim and able to show off a natty uniform (coloured facings on white tunics) to the best advantage.

All these things, the brewers will tell you, will not induce people to drink more, but will induce more people to drink. It seems that they are likely to be right.

Clever cooks prefer Homepride



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Yours truly,
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Dear Sir,

I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers, and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets, and I find, by the morning, I am my old self again.—Yours faithfully,
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13 Baxter Road, Essex Road, London, N.1.

Sir,

I have had a very bad cold in my head and pains in my limbs. I have found 'ASPRO' have done me the world of good, and in future they will be the first thing I will go for.

Thanking 'ASPRO'.

Yours faithfully,
E. BAYFORD.

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WOOLS. Free samples and 16-page Rug Guide is offered by an advertiser in this week's "Shop Window." See advertisement of Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd., on page 16.

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£1 DOWN secures modern Home Remington Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this unique offer by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd., 100, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3.

FREE.—Illustrated particulars of the complete range of High Beam self-lighting Gas Fires. Every reader should write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 849), 164, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4. The Warmth of a High Beam self-lighting Gas Fire is soft, penetrating and healthy. No bother about matches, either—it lights itself when the tap is turned on.

A FREE catalogue that will solve your furnishing problems. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.1, and a free catalogue, full of bargains, which can be obtained on easy terms, will come by return.

FREE: Particulars of the leading British Fretwork Outfits are contained in a descriptive booklet published by HOBBIES. Write to Hobbies, Ltd. (Dept. 45), Dereham, Norfolk, for a free copy. Boys will appreciate Hobbies' British Fretwork Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood.

A WEEK'S wash in 1 hour. This can be accomplished by use of the "Darling" Washer. Saves time, work, money—and clothes. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for details of easy payment terms, together with address of nearest stockist, to Press Caps, Ltd., Chandos Road, London, N.W.10.

GET a copy of Benson's Watch Catalogue. For 1/- down you can secure any of Benson's Pocket or Wrist Watches, Chains, Clocks, Rings, Jewellery, etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62-64, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

DON'T overlook the offer of Coronation Decorations made by Wm. Mason on page 27. You can secure a Giant Bargain Parcel for 12/6. Those sending the coupon with their order will receive two Free Gifts.

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B., 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address, or, to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon on page 27.

POULTRY KEEPING.

MAKING POULTRY PAY — Cash in on Poultry Profits by getting "The Feathered World" Year Book, 1936. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 380 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. All you need do is to send 2/6 to "THE FEATHERED WORLD," Dept. J.B.2, 9, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1937 SEED CATALOGUE. 144 pages, 252 photographs, 8 colour plates. Free to all readers mentioning *John Bull*. DOBBIE & CO., LTD., Edinburgh, 7.

MORE SMALL ADS. APPEAR ON PAGES 28 & 32.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

BY PHILIP INMAN

PEACE *in the* HOME

When the minds of the children become affected by domestic strife it is time for stern measures to be taken

MR. BALDWIN said the other day, "The greatest need of the present age is peace—peace abroad and peace at home."

Standing on the threshold of a new year, every man of good will should resolve to work for that end. But for a host of my readers there is a similar great need. It is for peace not only at home but *in* the home.

During the year that is just closing my postbag has been full of letters from those whose homes are far removed from the "Home, sweet home," of the old song.

FOR twenty years (says one correspondent) I have been married to a very domineering man. He never enters a room without disturbing the peaceful atmosphere and never leaves it without a heartfelt sigh of relief from everyone present. He criticises and finds fault with all I do and after two years of serious ill-health I am nearly broken in spirit.

I try to sing my way through life, bluffing friends and neighbours, but I can no longer bluff my children, aged seventeen and fifteen years. To-day my daughter turned a very bitter face towards me and said, "Mummy, whatever made you marry dad? Nothing you do is right for him. You never have any money—he never buys you any clothes. Your life is one long struggle, with no thanks at the end of it all. *I'll* never marry."

Since my illness she has had a lot to do in the home, and I have watched her young face hardening. It seems wrong that she should start life with the idea that all men are selfish and overbearing. Do you not think I should persuade her to leave home? It will mean more work for me, but rather that than for her to feel that all men regard women as just something put into the world to make life more comfortable for them and to take the blame for everything that goes wrong. What would you do in my case?

AFTER all these years the man has probably become so hardened that nothing will move him—not even the thought of his daughter having to leave home because of his conduct. That threat, however, might be tried. If he allows it to be carried out and is prepared to let his girl go into the world at seventeen years of age then he must indeed be devoid of all fatherly feelings.

There is only one thing my correspondent can do, much as I dislike the idea of a home being broken up. But sometimes there is no alternative. I contend that no woman should have to put up with conditions that destroy her health and make her life a misery.

I suggest, therefore, that she should endeavour to carry on until both her children are able to work. Then, if matters have not improved, she would be perfectly justified in shaking off the present shackles and making a new home with them.

If she has something to which to look forward, if she knows that one day there will be an end of these wretched conditions, it will give her strength to endure her present unhappiness. I can only hope, however, that before that time comes her husband will mend his ways so that the course I have suggested may become unnecessary.

"Marriages are made in heaven," says the old proverb. But they have to be consummated on earth. And to do that successfully requires a great deal of give and take. That is certainly missing in the case of this wife:—

After eight years of married life I feel that my life is not what it should be. My husband and I are always quarrelling and every row becomes worse than the last one. We seem to fall out over such trivial things. He will never admit that he is wrong and wants all his own way in everything. If I make a suggestion he never agrees to it, and in the end I give in to keep peace. I feel that he is ruling the whole of my life and if things go on as they are I shall have neither a mind nor an opinion of my own.

He has always been a book-worm, but in this respect he is getting worse and it is seldom that his head is not in a newspaper or book. When I point out that he is selfish and that I am only like a servant waiting on him hand and foot, he just says that there are many who would be glad to change places with me. If you could help me to find some way out I should be very grateful.

LOOK what has happened in this case. A quarrel—the woman gives in; another quarrel—more bitter than the last—the woman gives in again. The result is that she loses her individuality. "I have no mind of my own," she says. And the man becomes the dictator.

Between a husband and a wife there should be no "top-dog." Marriage is an equal partnership with equal rights and responsibilities. And it is time my correspondent got back to that footing. Her husband ignores her. Very well, let her do some ignoring, too. "Get this into your head," she should say. "You think you are not speaking to me. It's the other way about. It is I who am not speaking to you. When you choose to behave reasonably, I'll change too."

And if the man wants to bury himself in books for his own pleasure, this wife is entitled to find some pleasure for herself. Let her join the Women's Institute; or get a friend to go with her to the pictures occasionally; or let her take up some work in connection with a church or hospital.

When her husband finds out that others appreciate her help and company, it will give him food for thought. He may come to realise how selfish he has been and try to make her life brighter and happier. That kind of thing has happened in many cases I know.

A disturbance in the home is just like a disease. Treat it in time and it can be eradicated. Allow it to go on and it may become chronic. I commend that truth to my next correspondent and her husband. This is what she says:

During our married life of thirteen years my husband and I have lived quite happily, and we have been content with just a small circle of friends. But now something has arisen upon which we would value your advice.

There is a girl living near us who goes to business on the same train as my husband, and occasionally they travel together. Now and again he has to use his car for business purposes, and while passing the station one morning he saw this girl running for the train. She lost it and so my husband said he would try to catch it up at the next station, which he did. The next time they met she thanked him for the lift and added that if he were going by car again would he let her know. He told me all this, but I took no more notice at the time.

Now I know that he has taken her to the City on two or three occasions since then, and that is all that has happened. But my problem is this. Up till now my husband has never taken an interest in anyone outside our own circle, and although he says this girl is nothing to him, I do think it unnecessary for him to take her by car, especially as it only makes us quarrel. He has always been straight and honourable to me, but I can't help seeing danger.

EVERY motorist knows that however careful he may be himself, it is a careless driver on the road who causes the trouble. See the connection here? For thirteen years this man has had a clean licence as a husband. "He has always been straight and honourable to me" is the tribute of his wife. And she is naturally anxious to preserve that fine record.

But on the road she can see the red light of danger. Is there reason for her doubts? There may be or there may not be. That is not the real question. The point is that the action of this man is causing his wife pain.

Now no considerate husband would willingly make his wife suffer. She should come first in his thoughts and affection. And I believe this man wants to do that. I am perfectly convinced that his attitude towards the girl has been both straight and honourable. He performed a kindly and courteous act in giving her a lift after she had lost her train, and there the matter would have ended had she not forced her company upon him with the suggestion that she would prefer a car ride whenever possible.

I think he should meet his wife's wishes. He could do that quite easily. If he has to use his car he could leave a little earlier or a little later or go by a different route. And in time that girl would cease to look for him.

This trouble seems to be the only shadow upon an otherwise happy home. There is no earthly reason why it should persist. That girl means nothing to the husband—he frankly admits that. His wife and home, I am sure, mean everything to him.

The New Year is a good time for making resolutions. I hope that he, and a great many more of my readers, will resolve to ensure—peace in the home.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

MRS. F. STYLES (Age 37)
3, Canal Square, Merthyr Tydfil
also says:—
"... after only three weeks of Birley's Antacid Powder ... I didn't know myself. I felt so well."

GNAWING PAINS in PIT of STOMACH

SICK AT THE SIGHT OF FOOD

DEAR SIRS,—It is over 10 years since I began having trouble with my stomach. It started with a gnawing pain in the pit and I got so bad that I dropped to about 7 stone—to almost a skeleton.

I had stabbing pains around the heart and under the shoulder blade. I used to go dreadfully giddy and at night I had awful attacks of water-brash, intensely acid, and my nerves went to pieces.

My Doctor said I had developed numerous small ulcers in the stomach due to acidity.

I had at times an unnatural craving of hunger, but couldn't keep the food down. At times I was sick at the sight of food.

Three years ago some friends begged me to try Birley's Antacid Powder. I did. First a sample and then a 3/- tin. Within three weeks all pain had disappeared and I ate heartily and retained my food.

I was a different person in no time and everyone told me how well I looked. After so many years of this awful suffering I feel fine. I sleep well and eat everything and am now 9 stone 9 lbs. —the weight I ought to be. I also now have a healthy glow and my skin is clear and fresh.

I began with three doses of the powder a day and continued until I had finished the 3/- tin. By that time I didn't know myself, I felt so well. Now I just take a dose every night on going to bed to keep my stomach free from acid, and I never have an ache or pain.

I feel wonderful and Oh! how thankful I am. Birley's Antacid Powder is a marvellous remedy.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) F. STYLES.

12 YEARS OF STOMACH PAINS

THEN ATE AND DRANK WHAT HE LIKED AT CHRISTMAS AFTER TAKING BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

DEAR SIRS,—About 12 years ago I began to get the most terrible pains in the stomach—in fact, I finished up with a complete breakdown, and I have been told since that no one expected me to recover as I was so desperately ill.

I, however, got a little better by very careful living and determination, but I felt at times as if the membrane of my stomach had split. Some time ago I had a very bad attack. Couldn't sleep, except an hour at the time, doubled up all night in an armchair.

One Friday, early last December, I saw your advertisement. I sent for your free Sample. I took two large doses that night; slept for a few hours and after a cup of tea and a small piece of toast Sunday morning, I took another large dose. In about 20 minutes, after walking about my room in great agony, I began to be aware the awful pain wasn't there.

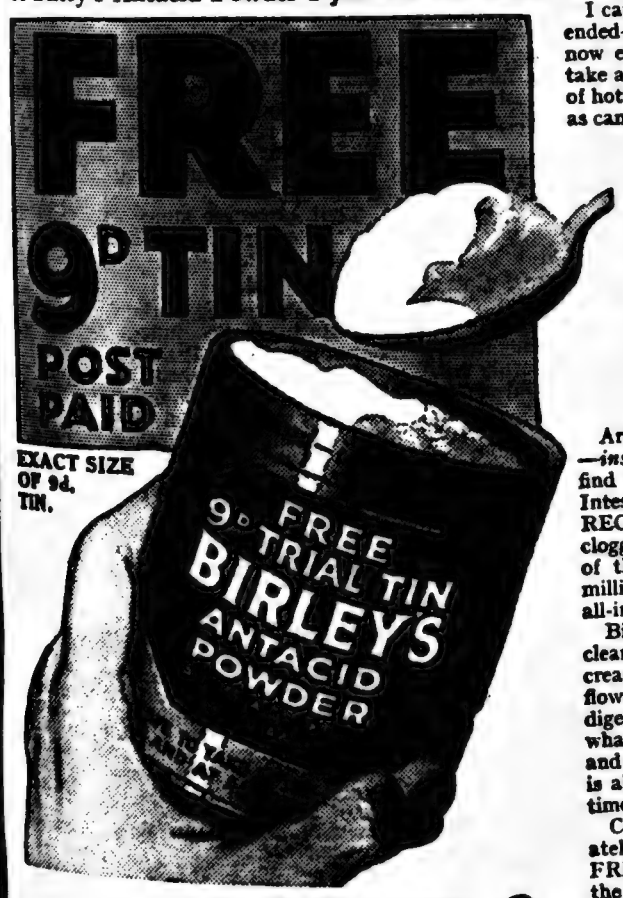
I had a cup of soup for lunch, took another dose of Birley's and slept peacefully all the afternoon and *that was the end of my 12 years' suffering. I have had no return since.*

This happened about three weeks before Christmas and yet at Christmas with the assistance of Birley's Antacid Powder I just ate and drank what I liked.

I can hardly realise that my years of agonies have ended—and with such extraordinary suddenness. I now eat what I like—anything, but I nearly always take a dose of the powder at night, followed by a cup of hot water. I sleep like a top and wake feeling as fit as can be.

Yours truly,
W. H. FINSON.

MR. W. H. FINSON (AGE 64)
1, Park Hill, Richmond, Surrey
also says:—
"I took another dose of Birley's, slept peacefully all the afternoon, and that was the end of my 12 years' suffering."



EXACT SIZE OF 9d. TIN.

The 9d. Tin is put up for FREE Trial only and is NOT for Sale.

SOLD ONLY IN TINS
1/3, 3/-, 5/-
OF ALL CHEMISTS including All Branches of BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES.

A TRUE RAPID-ACTION REMEDY FOR

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH BILIOUSNESS
HEARTBURN GASTRITIS
FLATULENCE PALPITATION

Advanced research work has evolved this new stomach remedy. It is better, surer and quicker in action than anything medical science has ever before been able to offer to sufferers.

RELIEF FOR *YOUR* STOMACH TROUBLES—
it costs you only ½d. stamp to try this great new preparation.

Are you suffering from Indigestion or its kindred ailments? Here's the relief you want—relief that's *certain —instantaneous*—in which we have such confidence that we offer to GIVE you your first supply. You'll find that Birley's Antacid Powder clears Acidity from the whole 30 feet of the foodway of both Stomach and Intestines and from the blood-stream and muscular system. It is the one Antacid that can be taken REGULARLY, for it is entirely free from cell-clogging ingredients, which cling to the linings of the stomach and intestines and choke the millions of gland-ducts through which flow the all-important DIGESTIVE JUICES.

Birley's non-clogging prescription, by its cleansing, purifying and soothing action, creates and maintains a healthy, unobstructed flow of juices from every single duct of the digestive organs. Birley's enables you to eat what you like without fear of pain afterwards, and is tasteless, odourless and harmless. It is absolutely safe to take at all ages and at all times.

Cut the coupon out now and post immediately. We will pay the postage on the FREE 9d. tin. AND you'll be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., No. 75
16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

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Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, DRUMS and all acces. Trumpets, Guitars, etc. Send 1d p.c. wonderful new 1937 68-pp. cat. Terms.—J.B. RAYMOND CO., 9, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

THE reliability of Bush Superhet Sets is renowned. They can be obtained from as low as 3/1 a week. Write at once for free catalogue and descriptive details to Bush Radio, Ltd., Dept. J.B.102, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

FREE.—Send a p.c., mentioning *John Bull*, for catalogue describing Milne Units, which, fitted in a few minutes in place of H.T battery, restores and retains volume, tone and power of any battery set.—Milnes Radio Co. Ltd., Church Street, Bingley, Yorks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3d. WEEKLY for LIMITED PERIOD provides free cremation at any crematorium. Anxiety relieved. Complete details FREE from BCA Cremation Society, 23, Nottingham Place, London, W.1.

"HEAVEN & HELL," by Swedenborg. A 500-page book for 6d. only. A book which everyone should read. See advt. on page 18.

THOSE who feel exhausted and "played out" should take Yeast-Vite and they will soon be filled with energy and vitality.

FREE!—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.4, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead, for a free booklet containing a selection of excellent recipes of inestimable value to housewives and cooks. See p. 29.

SUFFERERS from Rheumatism can get a free sample of Urace Brand Tablets if they write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

YES, Sir!—Brylcreem stimulates the roots of the hair, as well as being the perfect hair dressing.

BACKACHE is often a sign of Kidney weakness. Doan's Backache and Kidney Pills end this trouble by their special action upon the kidney filters. They strengthen those delicate organs so that the harmful poisons are properly eradicated from the system. See page 28.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts are set out in the free gift booklet offered by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E.24, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Cocoa Works, York, for your free copy.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Euthymol, Dept. 67/93, 80, Beak Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now.

A HOT cup of Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime creates new energy. It helps you to wake refreshed and ready to do an efficient day's work. You can get it everywhere—prices from 2/-; also Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W.

IF you would like to know more about the uses of SELOTAPE, the famous adhesive, write to Dept. J.B., Messrs. M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd. Belfast, for free Booklet.

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course. Send for full details of this proved Physical Culture training, which can be carried out in your own home, by writing to H. Broom, Broom Hall, Hoddesdon Road, Hull. A copy of a special book, "The International Way," and other particulars, will come by return. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

THE N.S.P.C.C. invites your assistance and help in the prevention of unnecessary suffering among defenceless little children—work towards which all sympathetic hearts should open at this time of good will to others. Send a Christmas donation to the Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

BY special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades of the new Poudre Tokalon, so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

AN informative book has just been published by Messrs. George Eade, Ltd. of 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, which is in actual fact a valuable treatise on health. It is called "Eade's Book of Health," and is brimful of interesting information written by an eminent London physician. Readers are invited to get a copy free on application to the above address.

NO festivity should be without Whiteways—the name everyone knows. Their British Wines are pure and healthful, and you must try their mystifying new cocktail, only 3/6 per bottle! Whiteway's Port style Wines (Ruby or White) are, in relation to Port, simply "a rose by another name." They may not be called Port, because by an ancient treaty only Wine from a certain area in Portugal bears that name. Whiteway's Port style Wines are made in England. Then there is also Whiteway's British Sherry, and the reasonable price at which it is sold brings it within the reach of all.

FREE to indigestion sufferers. If you have not tried Eno's Antacid Powder, accept this generous free offer. So confident are the manufacturers in the efficacy of this excellent remedy for indigestion, heartburn, flatulence, etc., that they will send every reader a free 9d. tin of Eno's Antacid post paid. Write at once to Eno's Antacid, Ltd. (No. 73), 16/18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1, and you will be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you. Fill in coupon on p. 31

MORE SMALL ADS. APPEAR ON PAGES 28 & 30.

They are always at the County Courts—and something is always "going to turn up"

MICAWBER Beams On 1937

NEW YEAR! Time when the Micawbers of life—the people who just can't make both ends meet—look back gloomily on the past twelve months, optimistically at the year ahead.

For them, something is always going to turn up.

Here they are as we saw them in the County Courts of London in the last week of the Old Year—that great stocktaking week in the life of every Micawber. . . .

Five thousand cases a day come before the County Courts of this country, the vast majority of them concerned with people who either can't or won't pay lawful debts.

One of the commonest types is represented by the man in the canary-coloured waistcoat, who strode determinedly up the gangway of the court at the calling of his name.

At an earlier sitting he had failed in an effort to prove that he didn't owe his grocer £10 14s. 6d. Now he had turned up with a speech about 10,000 words long to prove that he hadn't got the money to pay.

And he was just going to embark on his rhetorical effort when a thin, small voice in the well of the court piped: "And how do you like the new car you bought last week?"

He reddened, recovered sufficiently to mumble that it was only an old second-hand model, anyhow, coughed preparatory to beginning his peroration, and . . .

"Three pounds a month," rapped out the judge.

He had been living beyond his means. He had admitted as much at an earlier hearing. The result: the judge was inviting him to say how much he could pay each month off a debt of £30.

"Can I say four pounds a month?" asked his honour gently. The man made a gesture of swooning.

"There's five pounds a month I've agreed to pay the income tax people off what I owe them," he answered. "Then there's a hundred pounds I borrowed off my mother-in-law at 6 per cent., and the £150 of other debts I am paying back include——"

* * *

The judge held up a hand. With a few pointed questions he found that the man was actually drawing nearer to solvency with each wage packet he drew. So: "How much *can* you afford to pay?" he asked.

"A pound a month," replied this reformed Micawber.

"Order for a pound a month," said his lordship. And there seemed to be a bit of encouragement and a homily on thrift in how he said the words.

An acid-faced woman of about fifty took the stand. She was the representative of a firm that exists on the door-to-door sales of an electrical domestic appliance.

One of them had been sold to a widow with five children, who, despite her microscopically small means, had never learnt the secret of resisting the blandishments of doorstep saleswomen, and the acid-faced woman had come to hear the widow woman ordered to pay for her acquisition.

But the widow wasn't there. The judge apparently knew the reason.

Turning to the woman representative of the sales firm, he said: "I don't suppose you know this poor woman was taken away to hospital yesterday?" Then he waited, as if expecting to hear the case withdrawn.

"Five children, you know—and now she's in hospital. I don't suppose she wants the thing she bought, either."

The sales representative pushed out her jaw. "We're entitled to our money," she said.

"I see," said the judge. "But I'm not going to order that woman to pay it while she is in hospital. The case is adjourned."

* * *

"He's been to prison several times," said a solicitor of a man who didn't appear. "He doesn't want to pay for anything." It seemed an obvious invitation to the judge to deal as sternly with the absent one as the Law would permit.

"But I see another reason for the absence," said his honour. "He's a working man. Perhaps he can't get away from his job."

The next man had been buying books on the instalment system—huge, leather-bound volumes crammed with illustrations that you would think only a wealthy man could afford.

And apparently he wasn't wealthy at all. Anynow, he wore corduroys, and had come straight from his job on the roads.

The judge ascertained the man's wages. Then he expressed the opinion that a shilling a month was as much as the man could afford.

And as the man in the corduroys couldn't be made to understand what the judgment of the court expected him to do, his honour said to the usher: "Just take him in the passage outside and tell him that while he can keep finding a shilling a month until we tell him to stop he needn't be afraid of anybody or anything."

"I really can't offer to pay a penny more than five shillings a week out of my salary of two pounds ten——"

"Two pounds ten?" asked a barrister. "Wasn't it three pounds fifteen when you appeared in a similar case a few weeks ago?"

"I think I did mention that amount," said the man, not to be stumped. "But I was only giving my average earnings then."

"And has your average gone down since you said it was three pounds fifteen?" asked his honour.

"No-o-o-o-o," said the man, dimly beginning to perceive why the question was being asked.

"Thirty shillings a month," said the judge, smartly.

* * *

"I'm out of work," said a well-fed-looking Micawber with a fur collar and diamond rings. "One of the unemployed."

"And what unemployment money do you draw?" asked the Judge.

"Well, I don't draw unemployment money exactly, because I get a *leetle* commission."

"And that *leetle* commission is?"

"Oh, put it at four pounds a week," was the reply.

"And I'll put the order at two pounds a month," said the judge.

* * *

A thinner version of the same man said: "I'm broke. Haven't got a bean. You can't get money out of a stone."

"Exactly," said a voice from the solicitors' table. "By the way, have you started any new companies lately?"

"Well I do admit I started one a fortnight ago——"

That bloodless stone will yield three pounds every month throughout 1937—or go to prison.

* * *

Bouncers, many of them. It was wonderful how the judges in the cases described picked them out.

But many of them were just plain Micawbers—full of optimism for 1937. Hearing them, seeing them, one couldn't help wishing that their hopes for a New Year would come true for once, to the benefit of their creditors as well as themselves.

The Greatest of These . . THE COMING YEAR

Joyce

FIVE - YEAR - OLD Joyce is under observation, not for any crime she has committed, but because she is a little tuberculosis suspect.

Her dad's health broke down in 1929 through rheumatism and a weak heart, the effects of gas poisoning during the war. Since then, he has found it very difficult to get work, and is now on the means test. He has a large family and a large rent, and is worried because he has not the means to provide the nourishing food that Joyce and one of her sisters, aged two, who is recovering from bronchitis, need to build up their strength.

We appeal to our readers to help Joyce's dad, who bears an unblemished character, and who, his vicar states, "deserves every support and encouragement. He is up against it and makes a great fight against circumstances which are nearly overwhelming."

We thank our readers who responded to our Christmas appeal, and enabled us to provide many unemployed ex-Service men's families with a Christmas dinner. One mother wrote: "I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for kindness which will help to ease my worries and make Christmas seem real. When I thought we were forgotten, JOHN BULL remembered."

And we are deeply grateful to all our readers who have faithfully subscribed to our Fund during 1936. They are "Souls that pitied, because they knew His pity, and found Him in their neighbour, and met Him in their city."

We wish them a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and ask them to help us again through the coming year.

Donations earmarked "Joyce" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Study these Announcements by Leading Club Firms

New Year Opportunities for CLUB AGENTS

Every Offer INVESTIGATED *by* 'JOHN BULL'

£5000 CASH AND GIFTS WEEKLY

AGENTS WANTED!

THE FINEST OF ALL SPARETIME MONEY MAKING PROPOSITIONS

EVERYBODY WANTS AMPRICO 6D TREBLE-VALUE CARDS

All you have to do is to introduce our **6d. Treble-Value** Club Cards to your Friends and Workmates, who will buy them because not only can they obtain goods of the highest quality but because there are **large cash prizes weekly** in which you also share.

WHERE OUR AGENTS SCORE EVERY TIME

Many of our Agents who have earned money in their spare time for a long period and for many propositions declare that an **Amprico Agency is the easiest, simplest, and most enjoyable way of adding to their income.**

WEEKLY COMMISSIONS

Liberal Commissions and Bonuses are paid and can be **deducted from your weekly returns** to us so that you never wait for your money. Many Agents on our books average **over £3 weekly for spare time work**, without trouble or risk—you can do the same.

FREE OUTFIT & POSTAGE

Everything is made easy for you and everything necessary is **provided Free.** There is a weekly magazine for Agents with interesting contents. **WE PAY ALL POSTAGES.**

NO OUTLAY OR WORRY

There is definitely no outlay or worry for Amprico Agents and you can start earning money right away, so make up your minds, be better off in 1937 and **fill in the Coupon for full particulars at once.**

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.),
Amprico House, North End Rd., Wembley

Don't Delay, Post this To-day

COUPON

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, North End Road, Wembley, Middx.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B. 2/1/37.

AREA REPRESENTATIVES WANTED EVERYWHERE. GOOD COMMISSION AND CHANCE OF PERMANENCY AT £6 WEEKLY AND COMMISSION

WE CAN'T HELP making money in 1937!

"This 'Worldwide' idea is really great for people who are looking for an easy way to add to their income."
"I should say so—and it takes only a few minutes each week. I'm jolly glad I sent for their booklet."
Follow the example of these two people and post the coupon below for details of this profitable hobby. It is well worth the ½d. stamp.

The public ask for "Worldwide" Clubs because they know they will get the highest value offered and a definite guarantee of satisfaction. Organisers choose "Worldwide" Clubs because they get a good Commission and Profit-Share, first-class service, and are associated with an all-British firm with over 60 years' reputation for honourable dealings.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES ST. MANCHESTER 1.
Associated Warehouses—
T. D. Williams & Co., Ltd. Est. 1873.

To:— **WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.**

Please send me, free and without any obligation, your FREE BOOK which tells me how, by running a "Worldwide" Club, I can make from £2 up to £5 and more.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

J.B.98 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

You will find other interesting Club Offers on page 35.

£1 FREE GIFTS

Send NOW for the Wonderful New Catalogue & full particulars

HOW IS THE TIME TO START A HIGHCO CLUB AMONGST YOUR FRIENDS. You can earn Big Cash Commission and also select a £1 FREE GIFT from the 430 page Catalogue, Immediately.
Running a Highco Club amongst your friends is Easy, Simple and Pleasant—it calls for no previous experience, and there is no outlay of any kind whatsoever.
A postcard will bring you full particulars of this straightforward and genuine offer. Everything is explained in an easy manner which anyone can understand.

Write for full particulars to-day.

HIGHCO STORES
PROPRIETORS: HIGHAM CAINE & CO. LTD.
CHORLTON ST. MANCHESTER 1

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

A 9d. TIN of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER FREE

Be rid of your digestive troubles by accepting the free offer on p. 31 of a 9d. Trial Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder absolutely free! Simply fill in coupon and post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp! Turn to it now while you think of it!

NIPITS VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES 1D PKTS 3D TINS OF ALL CONFECTIONERS

WHEN WEATHER GIVES YOU THE COLD SHOULDER

Send for FREE Catalogue of

This Full-size Easy Chair

that adjusts itself! For 10/- down.

Fill in the coupon on page 27 for free illustrated Catalogue, easy terms, patterns, etc., of the Super-lax Model illustrated and other Berkeley Upholstery.

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss —— S.R.N., St John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Every Post a Winning Post!

BETS BY POST WE PAY THE POSTAGE

National Hunt Season

SAME GENEROUS TERMS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

FIRST FAVOURITES ACCEPTED in SINGLES, DOUBLES & TREBLES

NO LIMIT 1/- up to ANY AMOUNT

40 YEARS REPUTATION for WINNINGS & RETURN

Send for the SPORTSMAN'S COMPLETE SERVICE RACING FOOTBALL GREYHOUNDS

LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at

FULL STARTING PRICE

or Totalisator Returns as desired

In accordance with rules. Registered letters must be posted overnight.

Send Your Bets to the Big Two

Please send me particulars of your service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....

J.B. 2/1/37

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE & ALFRED MORRIS LTD 227 BATH ST GLASGOW C.2

Send for our Weekly Lists

• FROM OUR READERS

IT is not only because of the price that there is such a big fall in bacon consumption.

Poor quality is an important factor. We no longer get tender pork, which can only be produced by feeding pigs in their sties with meal, potatoes and so on.

The pigs are now turned out like cattle to feed on grass, roots, acorns, beans and the like. This makes the porker as hard as nails.

Also, the curing methods in use, with the suspicion of saltpetre, often make bacon almost uneatable. If the curers could revert to old-time methods, the present generation would find just how nice British breakfast bacon can be.

All the change for the worse has been due to the demands of the Bacon Board. —W. G. MORRIS, Bells Lane, Rochester, Kent.

Bacon Board—board-like bacon.

Investment

ONE of my visitors to-day at the counter of the post office was an old lady who, apparently worried, peered at me through the grille.

"Beggin' your pardon, Miss," she said, "I want your advice."

I invited her to proceed.

"Well," she went on, "when my granddaughter was born I put her in the Savings Bank. She is now twenty-one. Please, when can I take her out?"—F. EDWARDS, The Brook, Chatham, Kent.

Deposit at compound interest?

Active Mind

MY wife and I have been somewhat dismayed of late by the number of lies, albeit harmless ones, brought home by our son aged six.

He told us yesterday that he saw a fire-engine smash right through a house in the next street. On the previous day he related a talk he had in the street with the commander of the *Queen Mary*.

An hour ago he told us he had met a nice Red Indian boy named Georgie Smith. We are anxious in case this is an early sign of criminal instinct or, at least, deceit.—W. L. GRIFFITHS, Woodgate Street, Great Lever, Bolton.

Rubbish! Healthy imagination.

Don't Bite

DURING my duties as a property surveyor I have found that a new trick is being widely practised by landlords of vacant house property.

An applicant for a dwelling is required to state what rent he or she is prepared to pay, the owner or his agent refusing to give any indication of the proper rent.

When an offer is made, the invariable reply is that several higher bids have been received.

In most cases, I also discovered, applicants who refused to be exploited by this method of extortion received an intimation a few days later that their offers had been accepted.—G. V. ASHTON, Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham.

Moral lies in last paragraph.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Test Your Wits

BEFORE returning to school next week my son has to find an answer to this problem in his home holiday work:

"A party of people went into a restaurant. Each gave exactly the same order and their total bill came to 6s. 0½d. How many of them were there?"

It is shameful to burden children with such absurd questions. Obviously there is no answer because a farthing cannot be divided.—WALTER SYMONS, Lavington Road, W.13.

Count again. Seventeen persons spending 4½d. each make a total of 6s. 0½d.

Calendar Reform

I HAVE received my usual complement of gifts in the form of wall and desk calendars for 1937.

Why don't the publishers of these articles denote on them the dates of the movable feasts—Easter, Whitsun and other bank holidays, and the dates of the beginning and end of summer-time and so on?

These should be marked in a coloured square or circle or with a large asterisk. —J. H. KNIGHT, Benfleet, Essex.

Our office boy has already marked off June 2 next. It's Derby Day.

High School

WHILE on a holiday tramp in Bedfordshire last week I discovered what must be the strangest educational institution in Britain—a school for parrots.

It is conducted by an elderly woman, to whom parrot-owners send their dumb or poor talking birds. They inform her what phrases they would like their pets to say and the instructress has gramophone records made for each pupil.

The parrots generally graduate with distinction after an intensive course of one week's training.—HERBERT C. MOOR, *Stanmore, Winchester, Hants.*

Trust there is some measure of censorship on the language.

Tricking the Pom

PEGGY, my pom., was dismayed tonight when I was able to give her only one biscuit instead of the usual two. She pawed me enquiringly, and searched all the room for the other biscuit.

I picked up the one biscuit and, with my back turned to the dog, broke it in two. When the halves were placed beside her she gave a wuff of delight and fell to munching without more ado.—W. WHITEHOUSE, Gladys Road, South Yardley, Birmingham.

Does this prove that dogs are foolish or that they can count, or both?

Do You Know Them?

MOST odious of all the pests encountered daily is the starer.

She—it is always a woman—seems to travel on every 'bus and tram and makes herself known first by scrutinising every detail of one's shoes, stockings and dress. Then she boldly examines the face of her victim.

When her curiosity is satisfied with regard to one person, she begins her staring process all over again with each of the other passengers in turn.—O. PAWCETT, Ava Park, Belfast.

Try staring back.

Surveillance

WHY do some mistresses employ despicable methods to test the honesty or the thoroughness of the work of their maids?

I have just left a situation because my employer continually and deliberately left small valuable articles lying about in odd places, pretending they had been mislaid. I was aware all the time that I was under observation.

In my previous job, madam placed match sticks and hairpins beneath the mats and behind pieces of furniture to make sure that I had thoroughly "done" these things.

Workers in factory or office don't like to perform their duties surrounded by traps.—AGNES WENSLEY, Longsight, Manchester, 12.

These are the kind of employers who have most to say about a domestic servants shortage.

Depend On Us

WHILE the rivers have been in flood many people have had the contents of the lower rooms of their houses destroyed. They are denied all compensation or rebate of rent and rates.

Council officials promptly declared that flooding to be an "Act of God." Why blame Providence for neglected river banks and inefficient drains?

When one unemployed man found whose home has been ruined found in the street a 10-lb. salmon washed up by the flood, the police made him replace it in the river!—GLYN M. ROSE, Bryntirion Terrace, Llanelly.

"John Bull," under its Free Insurance Scheme, is the only paper which covers damage by flood or storm.

À La Mode

HOUSEHOLDERS even in the most congested and humblest residential areas are beginning to ape the suburban dwellers who dispense with numbers for their houses in favour of fancy names like "Woonscot" or "Torville."

Pity the poor postman who has to scour a long street on a dark night every morning for "Chez Nous" or "Bydand-by" —THOMAS PALMER, 128, Crescent Road, Plumstead, S.E.

Treasury has just turned down proposal for a House Names Tax of £1 yearly on ground that it would not justify cost of collection.

Dear Puffs

MY house fire insurance premium has just been increased 5s. yet because when the insurance company's inspector visited me he observed a cigarette end on the floor. An expensive cigarette!—M. A. WESTBRIGHT, Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.

King George VI., when an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, was caught smoking in cap and gown and fined 6s. 8d. He said it was the most expensive cigarette he had ever smoked.

Well Paid

TWICE I have received the perfect compliment.

As hostess at dinner, I induced my guests to discuss the happiest hour in their lives while we awaited the arrival of the chief guest. When he entered I told him what we had been doing. "Tell us your happiest hour, professor," I asked him.

"This one, madam," he replied.

My second was nearer and dearer. Discussing some well-known beauties, women with my husband, I said that if a man married a plain but good woman he would soon forget her plainness. "Don't you agree?" I asked.

"Can't say, my dear. I never married one," was hubby's answer.—MRS. MEADOW, London Road, Leicester.

When quality meets compliments pass.

Study these Announcements by Leading Club Firms

New Year Opportunities for CLUB AGENTS

Every Offer INVESTIGATED by 'JOHN BULL'

We want to pay YOU £5 a week — AND MORE

OPPORTUNITY for CLUBHOLDERS

The value of John England's goods is so wonderful and our commissions are so generous that you can easily earn several pounds a week in your spare time as a John England Trust Clubholder.

John England supply, on the easiest possible payment terms, from 1/- weekly, high quality goods that sell themselves, as they afford a saving of 5/- in the £.

Delivery on first payment, all postage and carriage paid. No drawing for chances. No late turns.

EVERY TURN IS FIRST TURN

Our Clubholders earn £2-£3 a week. Some earn even more. You can do the same. You can start a John England Trust Club with as few as five 1/- shares.

The coupon below will bring you full particulars of this wonderful proposition. Post today in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope to the address below.

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB
Reading Lane, Hackney, London, E.8.
(Write in pencil.)

Name .....

Address .....

.....S.36

HOW to TURN YOUR SPARE TIME into CASH

A SHORT while ago a small advertisement appeared in a paper and ran as follows :—

"£5 cash bonus and employment all the year round is offered by" (here followed the advertiser's name and address).

Hundreds of people must have seen it but many thousands must have skipped it. And what a chance they missed!

Interviewed, the advertiser said: "Only six people replied, and I have engaged them all, but I wanted a hundred.

"I'm not surprised," I replied, "to his astonishment. "You left the public guessing."

And then he tumbled to my remark.

"Ah, I see what you are driving at," he went on. "You think that the average man and woman won't risk a halfpenny stamp to get further details."

"Exactly," I replied. "The next time you advertise tell the public that your spare-time job needs no experience and can be worked anywhere. Say that you don't believe in men and women working on a low commission basis, and that 6d. in every shilling they take belongs to them. Tell them how pleasant and easy it is and what they have to do — go from door to door offering about fifty 1/- lines of quality printed stationery which sell like wildfire."

"I'll take your advice," he answered.

"How about the £5 cash bonus?" I said as we parted. "Does it still hold good for any other prospective spare-time workers who may write you for full details?"

"Most decidedly," was his reply.

So if you are seeking a profitable, easy and pleasant spare-time occupation for all the year round send a p.c. to **H. HERBERT, SERVICE PRESS, Albert Grove, Bristol 5,** and everything will be placed before you without obligation.

EVERYTHING TO WEAR! EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME!

The SIXIT CLUB

all the Rage! Completed in **SIX WEEKS!**

6 MEMBERS 6 PAYMENTS

SOMETHING REALLY NEW IN CLUBS!

The "Sixit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only. 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. BIG COMMISSION. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices.

TWO PRICES 3/- & 6/-

FREE! Send P.C. NOW for newly issued catalogue.

This Evening Dress, No. F.S. 109, in Art. Silk Taffeta. One of the "Sixit" Bargains.

Geo. DAY Ltd., (Dept. S.D.18), 28, Altrincham Street, MANCHESTER, 1.

PUT TO THE VOTE and ELECTED FOR VALUE!

WE LET THIS SPEAK FOR ITSELF!

Rothwell,
Nr. Leeds, YORKS.
B.A.T.

I must tell you of a little experiment I made during the past few weeks while getting my Club formed. I recently had one or two catalogues sent to me, by various firms, offering weekly club agencies, special commission, and many tempting offers (on paper) to members if they would only join. I submitted these catalogues to my clients, along with Bolsoms' Catalogue, and told them that I would run a club on the firm receiving most votes. I can honestly tell you, that the result was what I anticipated, "Bolsoms every time." May your reputation for good value, and fair dealing, be as high in the future as in the past, success be the reward.

Yours sincerely,
A. C.

£1,000 Guarantee that the above is an unsolicited letter from one of our Club Holders, printed exactly as received, without alteration or addition. Original can be seen at our Head Office.

A vast army of Bolsoms' "Record" Club Holders will testify that their members get the greatest value, the First Selection and the most efficient Service—and remember—**£2 CASH COMMISSION to Club Holders!**

SEND NOW FOR YOUR COPY OF OUR SUPERB "RECORD" CLUB CATALOGUE DE-LUXE—THE FINEST CATALOGUE EVER ISSUED—AND BECOME ONE OF OUR MANY THOUSAND SATISFIED CLUB HOLDERS. POST TO DEPT. J17.

BOLSOMS ASSOCIATED TRADERS LTD. GLASGOW TERRACE, VICTORIA, LONDON, S.W.1

It's Easier to form a DRIVER'S GREAT BARGAIN CLUB

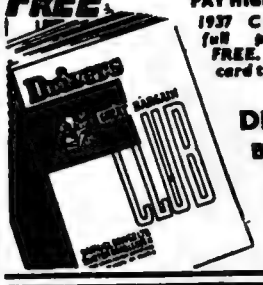
BECAUSE

DRIVER'S NAME IS FAMOUS;
DRIVER'S GIVE BIGGER VALUE;
DRIVER'S GIANT CATALOGUE SECURES MEMBERS ON SIGHT.

THUS you can easily form a LARGER CLUB and get BIGGER PROFITS.

Driver's is the Oldest and Best Club Organisation in the country. Any experienced Agent will tell you that the **DRIVER "1/- a week" GREAT BARGAIN CLUB CATALOGUE** is always irresistible, being packed with beautiful coloured illustrations of exceptional barrains in **Household and Fancy Goods, Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Drapery,** etc., etc. **DRIVER'S PAY HIGHEST COMMISSION.**

MONSTER 1937 CATALOGUE FREE



1937 CATALOGUE and full particulars SENT FREE. Just send a Postcard to :—

SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD.
BURTON RD., LEEDS, 11.

Branches: London, Sheffield, Bradford, Hull, Brighouse, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

AGENTS REQUIRED

HIGHEST COMMISSION PAID

£5 to £6 per week easily earned by live men with spare time to represent London's oldest Cash and Credit Departmental Store.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB DRAW AGENCY.

Every appointed Agent can promise his customers immediate delivery on payment of Deposit.

There is no waiting for Club Draw Tickets.

Each Representative has Full Range of Samples Supplied without charge. All Illustrated Catalogues and Stationery Free. We specialise in Household Goods, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Radio and Musical Instruments, including Piano Accordions by all the Best Makers. Jewellery of every description. Our Agents are able to open Accounts on the Most Favourable Terms. No outlay or experience required. Why not send to-day for particulars of Permanent Employment with us at Big Income?

Full details Free upon receipt of a Postcard addressed to "Staff Employment Manager."

J A DAVIS & CO
84-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

WAIT! SEND FOR NEW FREE EIGHTEX Catalogue

Never such values before!—such a wonderful range as in the New Eightex Winter Catalogue. Packed with wonderful lines. Specialists in Latest London Fashions, household goods, clothing, boots, shoes, jewellery, etc. And value? Eightex has 6 prices only: 2/- (worth 3/6), 4/- (worth 5/-), 6/- (worth 7/6), 8/- (worth 10/-). Agents' commission is speedily earned and promptly paid—easy to run because only 2 weeks per club. Remember—goods are delivered in 24 hours of order. Send p.c. now for the new Winter Catalogue only just issued.

Selected from hundreds of Bargains ALL WOOL AFGALAINE DRESS. Beautifully tailored and cut in latest style with contrast collar and neat ornament at yoke, latest shades. 1/- per week through Club.

8/- ONLY

JAMES CLYDE & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 82, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

You will find other interesting Club Offers on page 33.

THE 'QUALITY' CLUB IS THE BEST OF ALL!

SUPER VALUE
BEST SELECTION
PROMPT DELIVERY
PERSONAL SERVICE
and Highest Cash Commission & Cash Bonus to every Agent!

The "Quality" Club supplies "EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME" and "EVERYTHING TO WEAR" at Warehouse prices, under Guarantee of Satisfaction or money refunded. If you are interested in a 20-week Club Agency with the firm who have steadily increased without "stunt" advertising, send for our 1937 Catalogue. We do not offer Free Gifts, but give high commission and profit-sharing Bonus, combined with Service and Value which make it easy to re-form your club, and thus assure a steady income.

Read what our Agents think!

"I must say that your Club is the best I have ever run. I have had a chance to run other Clubs, but my members always say 'WE WANT LODGE,' so you can guess what this means to both your firm and myself. I don't need say any more for your Club."—J. C., Cardiff.

"May I convey my greatest thanks to you for your letter and cash bonus gift! With treatment like this it is impossible to sever a connection, and the promptness with which you deliver all my orders speaks as though our business will last for ever."—H. C., Coventry.

POST THIS COUPON NOW

Please send me details of the "Quality" Club Agency and free Catalogue without obligation on my part.

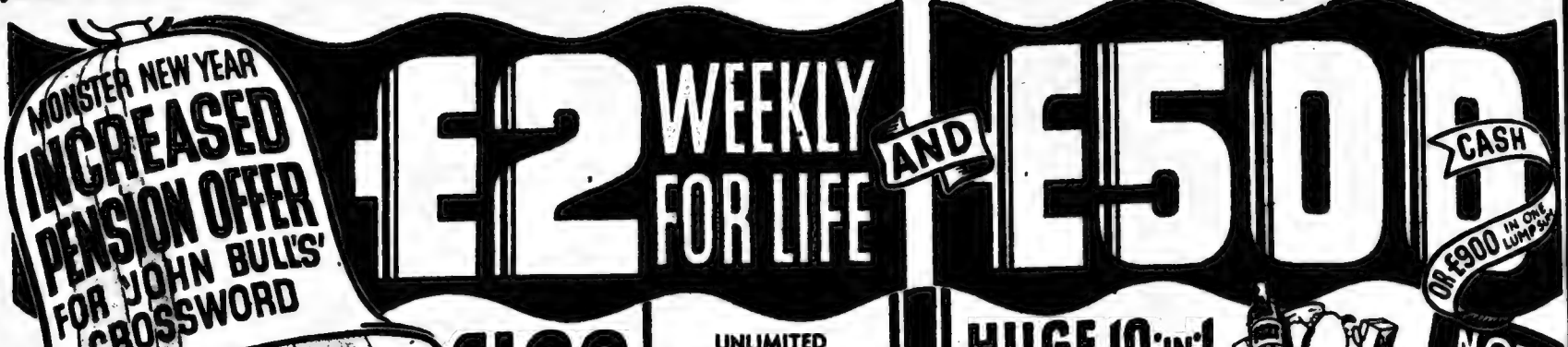
Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) addressed to GEORGE LODGE & CO., Ltd., Westgate, Bradford.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

'J.B.S.' .....

GEORGE LODGE & Co. LTD. THE 'QUALITY' CLUB. WESTGATE, BRADFORD


MONSTER NEW YEAR
INCREASED PENSION OFFER FOR JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD
£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
AND
£500 CASH
OR £900 IN ONE LUMP SUM
£100
BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a special Surprise Award-to be posted Wed., Jan 20
HUGE 10-IN-1 HAMPER
WITH EACH PRIZE OF £1 OR OVER
NOTE NEW CLOSING DATE SAT. JAN. 9
46

PRESENTED on this page is the forty-sixth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 21, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 9.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 21. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 26, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prizes or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the first prize be shared, £900 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 44

Owing to the Christmas Holidays, it has been found impossible to include in this issue the Result of Crossword Competition No. 44; this, together with the Winning Puzzle Square, will appear in next week's issue on sale January 7, 1937.

Reasons for Committee's findings will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in our free weekly "Crossword Gazette," containing all the Crossword News and other constructive aid.

Secure your free weekly copy by using Reservation Form on page 39.

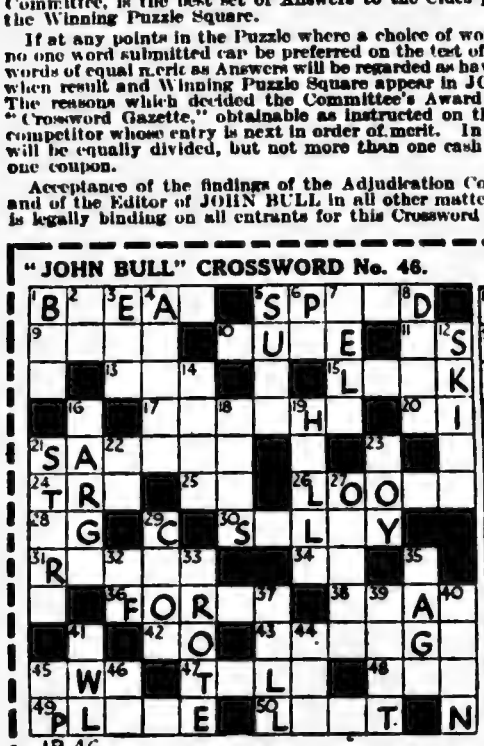
CLUES ACROSS

1. Is usually provided at tea-time
5. European position compels Britain to do this on rearmament
9. Jewel with changing colour
10. Cheap remedies provide this for many sufferers
11. Ourselves in Russia
12. Torn piece of cloth
15. Poor man wishes his wasn't so bad
17. Woven materials
20. Bit of skill in cooking
21. Dismissed
24. Attempt
25. Ends of needle
26. Stunting airman often does, for a new sensation
28. Headless hog
30. Good comedian often makes himself
31. Sow again
34. Shillings and pence
36. Are usually carried by troops when they go over the top
38. Long periods in operas
42. Knock out, in short
43. Make furioso
45. Possess in town
47. Jerrybuilder's may be highly coloured
48. Payment to doctor or lawyer
49. Is often what's won by best horse in race
50. Library is a place where books are this

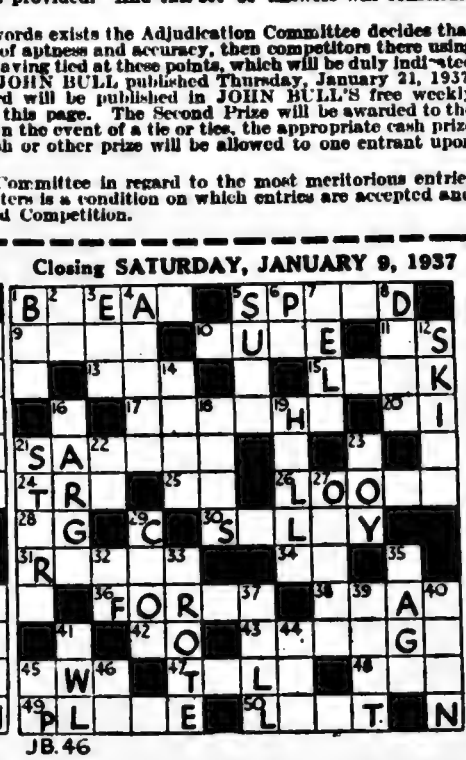
CLUES DOWN

1. Conjurers often find one handy in their performance
2. Middle of carpet
3. You hear with this
4. Alas and this express sorrow
5. Chef has to be careful and keep his clean
6. How prayer begins
7. Fishes in creels
8. It quacks and swims
12. Cave-man is sometimes represented in these
14. Valley
16. This kind of vessel is needed for sending big quantity of coal by water
18. Poems in Rhodesia
19. Where good scenery rarely goes unappreciated
21. There's often a big one when earthquake takes place
22. Piracy always ends thus
23. Little girl's doll is sometimes this
27. More advanced in years
29. Her kingdom is the kitchen
32. Remove hastie from shoal
33. Put in writing
35. Wild animals get wilder when in this
37. Dispose of, for money
39. Shipwrecked sailor floats on this
40. Observed
41. You hear the sound of this as it goes into wool
44. Indicates maiden name
45. First part of operation
46. Common to snake and canary

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 46. Closing SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1937



JB.46



JB.46

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

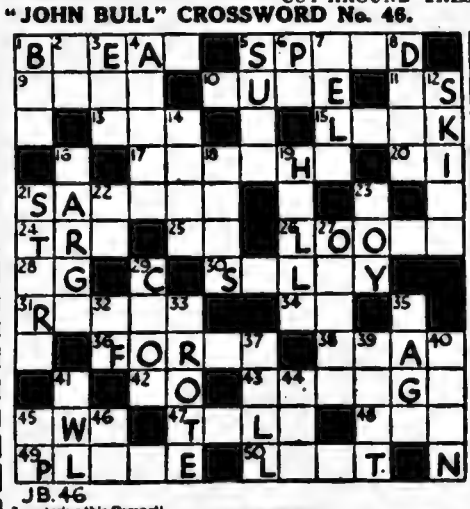
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 46. Closing SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1937



JB.46

JB.46

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 46, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

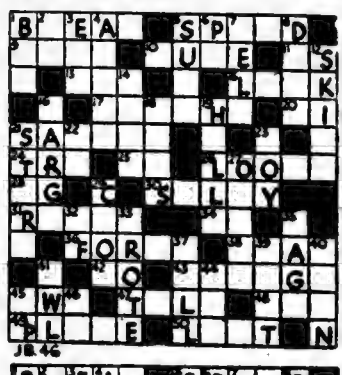
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



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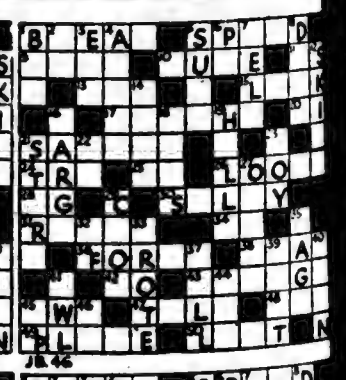

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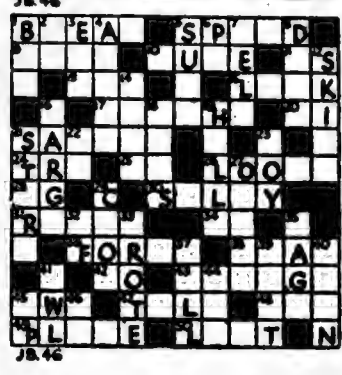


JB.46

JB.46

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

DOCTOR (Bristol).—"We should make more use of herbs in medicine." Ah! A sage suggestion.

R. G. (Atherstone).—"The hounds pursued the fox along the railway metals and caught it just as it turned into a siding." A shunting we will go."

M. L. (Aberystwyth).—"To save my railway fare I cycle twelve miles each day to my work." You are obviously a man with plenty of push!

F. B. (Uxbridge).—"I could not answer her as my mouth was full of home-made toffee." You were stuck for a reply?

R. E. (Brighton).—"The suit was terrible, but when I saw the account for it I had a shock." Two sad fits in all.

SPRINTER (Uxbridge).—"I overslept myself, and was late for the race." Never mind, you woke up with a start, eh?

NERVOUS (Hendon).—"When he looped the loop without saying he was going to, it frightened me out of my wits." He gave you a turn?

L. K. (Ventnor).—"The invention of the telephone caused a lot of excitement at the time." It certainly led to a lot of talk.

TOBACCONIST (Mersey).—"To attract custom I recently installed a huge cigar in my shop window." It should certainly prove a big draw.

C. V. (Manchester).—"Were a really reliable fattening food to come on the market cheap I can see a fortune in it." Tailor?

D. S. (Camberwell).—"I'm only a mechanical navvy operator, but I'm ambitious." Mind you don't bite off more than you can chew.

T. M. (Kingston).—"Many an apparently honest shopkeeper runs a shady business." The one who sells parasols, for instance.

H. D. (Beckenham).—"I am very used to having to run for my train in the morning." You'd probably miss it if you didn't.

HOUSEWIFE (Lewisham).—"I was feeling very depressed until the window-cleaner came." Then your outlook was much brighter?

ROOMS (York).—"My landlady never takes any steps to remove the cat from the dining table, so I'm going to leave." You're making a move instead.

SID (Bethnal Green).—"To be an M.P. strikes me as a thankless task—after all, what does a man in that position get for his trouble?" £400 a year.

S. H. G. (Oxford).—"I disagreed with the organist when he said that the choir, all trained singers, slid from one note to the other." You thought it was a slur.

PEG (Shoreditch).—"A street musician who has a wooden leg can always make enough to pay his diggings." It enables him to support himself.

J. H. (Lowestoft).—"My daughter wanted to be a fisher-girl until I took her around the factory and warehouse." That cured her.

WORRIED (Harringay).—"My wife dries her week's washing by a gas-fire, and she is running up such a bill that I don't know which way to turn." Never mind, the gasman will.

CULTURIST (Ayrshire).—"The numbers taking my classes in physical training have gone up tremendously since I advertised that one student gained three inches in height." Evidently a growing class.

DAD (Romford).—"My son is growing so quickly that the new braces I bought for him a couple of months ago are too short already." That's stretching it a bit, isn't it?

P. A. (Ramsgate).—"I am going to be a comedian, and I think I have found out the best way to reach the audience." It might also be as well to find out how to prevent the audience reaching you.

T. S. (Burnley). — "Although my brother is not making his fortune as a trapeze artist at present, he hopes to do better when he gets better known." Meanwhile he is just hanging on, we suppose.

S. C. A. (West Bromwich).—"When I took the clock to pieces, I found the cause of the trouble was a needle and cotton which had got in the works." A stitch in time, as it were.

F. N. (Moorgate).—"There are all sorts of things a waitress must pretend not to notice during working hours." Including customers.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ELECTRICIAN (Liverpool).—"I'm very keen on my work." A real live wire at your job, in fact.

FIREMAN (Surrey). — "A domestic squabble upsets me for days." You don't like a flare-up at home.

MRS. D. (Blandford).—"My grocer's errand-boy is an ambitious little chap." Always eager to deliver the goods?

O. H. (Wells).—"A judge should be brief and to the point." He's in the place where short sentences are appreciated.

S. S. (Bolton).—"At a circus I saw a native who was supposed to exist entirely on a diet of grass." Ah, a sward-swallower.

ADVENTURER (Soho).—"Give me the man who always needs change." Such as a taxi-driver?

JIMMY (Winchester).—"Since breaking up for the holidays I have not felt quite fit." Out of form, in fact.

K. G. (Hertford).—"Who extracts anything exciting out of the talkies to-day?" The censor.

D. N. (Watford).—"I heard of an 18-stone man who jumped into a canal and saved a dog." Stout fellow!

P. M. (Harrow).—"The domestic piano is fighting for its life." It certainly stands up to a lot of punishment.

S. P. (Newcastle).—"My wife says that she has no time for the house. What would you suggest I do?" Buy her a clock.

S. K. (Wolverhampton).—"I caught my little boy smoking one of the cigars I had given me for Christmas, and I can't think how to punish him." Make him smoke the lot.

C. M. (Slough).—"Are you ready to believe what doctors say that drinking plenty of water will keep a person healthy?" Yes, if there is anything in it.

C. A. (Bury).—"I have been so badly hit by the trade depression that I have had to sell my car." That's put you on your feet again, though.

DINER OUT (Mayfair).—"Water is the only thing for which restaurants make no charge." Unless, of course, when they boil the stuff, pour it into a pot and call it tea.

C. Y. M. (Birmingham).—"If a man keeps rigidly to the right he will find nothing but admiration heaped upon him." Unless he happens to be an outside-left.

MEDICO (Wembley). — "Whenever a patient comes to me with deep-seated rheumatism I know I'll have my work cut out to cure him." You're up against a stiff problem, in other words.

B. R. (Repton).—"Healthy people never bear a grudge." No ill feeling?

S. N. V. (Taplow).—"A monocle changes a man's expression." A singular spectacle.

S. N. (Stafford).—"A skilful player can make money at darts." Feathering his nest.

C. N. (Rochester).—"Plumbers' bills should be settled promptly." Paying the piper.

T. M. (Lancashire).—"The regimental fly-weight champion was trounced." Swatted, eh?

PHILOSOPHER (Maidenhead).—"What is it that all men thirst after?" An over-cured bloater.

MRS. A. W. (Newcastle).—"A tradesman doesn't consider you much of a customer if there is only one item on your monthly account." That doesn't fill the bill at all.

J. M. T. (London, E.).—"In order to witness the cup-tie I asked for the afternoon off and pleaded I had a bit of a cold." That was just a wheeze.

D. L. (Margate).—"A trainer of lions must have a lot of inside knowledge of the habits of the beasts." It's fatal if the lions acquire an inside knowledge of their trainer.

C. R. (Dover).—"A member of a church team to which I once belonged suggested that all the cricket things be stored up in the clock-tower during the winter months." Bats in the belfry.

D. C. (Coggeshall).—"Only a few things were left by the time the last two persons' turn came and similarity made their selection difficult." There was little to choose between them.

CONNOISSEUR (Kensington).—"My New Year resolution is to collect a number of antique china vases and to auction them for charity." We hope you never break your resolutions.

L. J. (Hampstead).—"Everybody seems to be expecting a bumper New Year, but why?" Well, there are 1,937 reasons for our readers to congratulate themselves on page 39.

DOROTHY A. (Wimbledon).—"At the cooking class the other night the instructress made a specimen jelly to show us how it should be done." She set you an example, so to speak.

E. P. (Walmer).—"It must be remembered that all concert halls are not large and consequently it is a good thing that musical directors can easily vary the number of players in their orchestras." Elastic bands!

N. D. (Coventry).—"I have been out of work for some time, but I am pleased to say I have been promised the job of painting the ceiling of one of the rooms in a large house near here." We hope it doesn't fall through.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark enclopes "Side-Slips."

THE LOWESTOFT MERCURY:—"——then dropped the dog overboard, jumped into the sea and was helped ashore UNAIDED."

THE NORTHERN WHIG AND BELFAST POST:—"The majority of tourists who have been held up here for some time now . . . will be UNABLE to leave to-morrow, it is hoped."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—"The machine caught fire, and was quickly reduced to ashes. Rescuers were driven back by the terrific HAT."

PETERBOROUGH ADVERTISER:—". . . . we may be even more united in our efforts and services for the good of our MELLOW citizens."

EVENING GAZETTE, READING:—"They had put up a gallant FRIGHT, played wonderfully attractive football."

CORK EVENING ECHO:—". . . and a large crowd including many PEOPLE thoroughly enjoyed themselves."

Satisfaction . . .

There's a wealth of satisfaction in the smoking of a fragrant hand-made cigarette—from the first long, cool, satisfying draw down to the very end when the stub is regretfully put out. And there's no cigarette quite like the one you make yourself with RIZLA cigarette papers and filter-tips, ensuring perfect coolness and freedom from bits-in-the-mouth, which is so essential to the smoker of taste and discrimination.

Every RIZLA cigarette is freshly made with your own favourite tobacco, fine smooth paper, perfectly filled and rolled—filter-tipped if you prefer, so that down to the very end no nicotine enters the mouth, staining the teeth and lips. Perfect coolness all the time, preventing smoker's cough. A luxury cigarette in every detail, and with it all, inexpensive and remarkably simple to make. Made with the finest fresh tobacco, they are perfect and unvarying.

The RIZLA ONE-HAND POUCH Outfit contains Cigarette Rolling Machine, packet of Cigarette Papers and Filter-Tips, and is valued at 1s., but to advertise RIZLA and convince smokers of the practical advantages of luxury hand-made cigarettes, the Outfit is offered at 4d. only.—Advt.

CHILD'S 4 YEARS OF STOMACH TROUBLE

What can be more distressing than the sight of a child in the toils of stomach trouble? If *your* little boy or girl suffers from indigestion or loss of appetite take a tip from Mrs. Surguy, of Catford. This is what she writes:

"My little daughter, aged 6 years, has suffered from bad breath, and a very poor appetite since she was 2 years old. But since she had Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for 2 weeks only she seems another child. I give her half a teaspoonful in a little warm water before going to bed, and she gets up in the morning and eats a good breakfast, which she has not done before."

The original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder will free *your* children from stomach complaints with similar ease and quickness. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. Weak Kidneys usually are the real cause of Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Get the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) at chemists. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

IMPORTANT CONCESSION

"JOHN BULL'S" NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU!

In view of the unprecedented popularity of our Gift Offer this year, readers will welcome the announcement that we have been successful in making arrangements which will enable us to extend the offer for a FURTHER 15 DAYS.

Have you had yours yet? If not, don't delay. Your Gift Vouchers are below—one worth 2/9, the other worth 7/6—each will be accepted as cash in part payment for one of these superlative Gift Sets.

A typical letter of appreciation

Belfast.
12.12.36.

"I acknowledge with deepest thanks receipt of your handsome Writing Set, delivered in perfect condition. For style and workmanship I have seen nothing to equal it.—R. Lindsay."

John Bull New Year Voucher

VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2/9** in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/6** Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 18th Jan., 1937.

No. A/62021

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as **2/9** cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **5/6** Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

John Bull New Year Voucher

VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **7/6** in part payment of the "John Bull" **12/6** Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 18th Jan., 1937.

No. B/62021

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as **7/6** cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **12/6** Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a glossy black UNBREAKABLE MATERIAL. The Pen has TWO inlaid bands of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a lever self-filling device, "Safety" pocket clip, and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD nib, with a tip of costly iridium. The "Everpointed" pencil has an inlaid band of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a foolproof propel—repel—expel movement, "Safety" pocket clip, rubber and extra leads. The companion Penknife is fitted with two super quality Sheffield Steel Blades of mirror-polish finish. This lovely gift comes to you in a Golden Satin-lined Casket.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

BRITISH MADE

ONE or BOTH Take your choice

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/9**, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/6** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/9** plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **3/-** in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **7/6** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **12/6** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **5/3** in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

(2) Fine. Medium. Broad. Oblique.

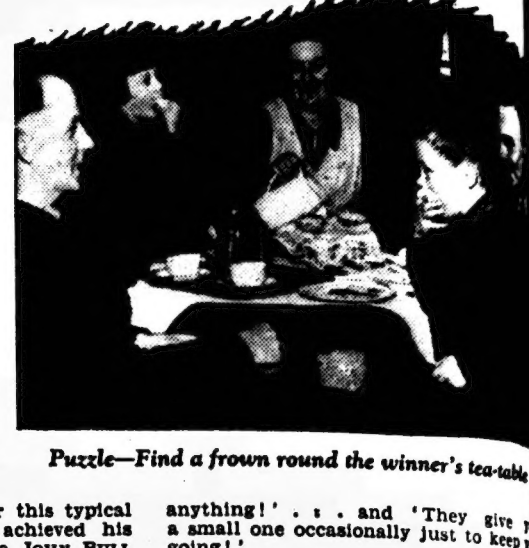
If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
.....

Write Clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 2/1/37.

GIANT WIN for G.W.R. WORKER



Puzzle—Find a frown round the winner's tea-table

THE happy family you see here live at No. 56, St Bernard's Road, Shirehampton, Bristol, reports a JOHN BULL man. A few weeks ago they were struggling along on the modest wages Mr. L. H. Mogridge earned as a railway signalman. Now all their dreams have come true, for this typical *Bullets* entrant has just achieved his great ambition—to become a JOHN BULL Life Pensioner.

Already eighteen First Prize-winners were receiving *Bullets* Life Pension cheques from JOHN BULL when, in Contest No. 1,054, Mr. Mogridge entered the telling effort, EPITAPH I'D LIKE—"MISSED GREATNESS—GREATLY MISSED." Now his name has been added to the roll of *Bullets* fame and fortune: a £1,500 fortune was his immediate reward and, every Saturday for the rest of his life, Mr. Mogridge will bank a £2 Pension Cheque from Long Acre.

"It gladdens my heart," this 32-year-old winner said, "to know that now I can make life much easier for my wife. She has been four times in hospital, twice nearly losing her life.

"Despite my great confidence of ultimate success—I started *Bullets* in 1929—and the fact that I am a fairly calm sort of fellow, that marvellous telegram from JOHN BULL completely bowled me over," Mr. Mogridge admitted. "Congratulations have been showered on me, both at home and at the depot where I am a signalman, in Holesmouth Junction Box, Avonmouth Dock, G.W.R.

"My two kiddies—Peggie, aged eight, and six-year-old Gordon—are very proud of Dad," he went on. "They are too young to realise the tremendous difference my huge success will make to their future.

"I think," he said, "that a good many 'Bulleteers' get discouraged by criticism from their friends—remarks like 'Wasting your time and money!' . . . 'You'll never win anything!' . . . and 'They give you a small one occasionally just to keep you going!'

"I have experienced that, too," Mr. Mogridge told me, "but, if I haven't been able to convince these would-be advisers of their folly, I have smilingly passed on and refused to waste my time listening to such nonsense.

"Hope, faith in the judges and enthusiasm—those are the three lamps lit by *Bullets Bulletin*," he declared. "They have given me confidence and guided me to the security provided by this wonderful First Prize.

"For several months this year I seemed unable to rise above 'Target' level," he confessed. "But I was greatly encouraged when I saw that another signalman, Mr. H. Fleming, Bathgate, won £500 First in September. It gave me a jolt, though, when a music teacher won the First Prize before me—*with an effort that one of us signalmen should have made up!*"

* * *

The First Prize *Bullet* to which Mr. Mogridge refers is WHISTLING—TRY, WHY? "SIGNALS AGAINST." This brought £500 and a Radio in Contest No. 1,053 to a teacher of the piano, Mr. [illegible], Monday, 18, Down Road, Hastings.

Signalman must teacher, warehouseman invalid, housewife—such have been the entrants whom I have most recently congratulated on capturing a *Bullets* First Prize. Enter the bright *Bullet* built on one of the *Examples* opposite and it may soon be my privilege to greet you—as winner of this week's £500 and of every Birthday for Life.

GET THIS TUTOR —FREE

"My greatest friend and tutor has been that little Thursday morning visitor, *Bullets Bulletin*." Those are the words of the *Bullets* Life Pensioner whose story appears above. The cost of this expert guidance, which led Mr. Mogridge to £1,500 and £2 Weekly for Life, was precisely 1d. a week!

Yes, that trifling postage charge is all you have to pay for a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*. Send off the easy Reservation Coupon on opposite page and let the new and improved *Bullets Bulletin* of 1937 *help you* to a mighty success.

50 "BULLETS" CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK

First Prize, £500—Competition No. 1,055:

C. W. FROST, 76, Evelina Road, Nunhead, S.E.

Example: IN THE BANK
Bullet: FOR WHEN *I'm* "SURPLUS."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

E. W. MACKLEY, 325, South Frederick Street, South Shields.
Example: Job I'd Like
Bullet: "Apply Box—" Applies "Lid."

THIRD PRIZE, £40:

J. BRASS, Creech, Taunton, Somerset.
Example: Snowing
Bullet: But *Granny's* At Church!

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: Miss E. M. CROOK, 7, Wilson Street, Warrington.
Consoling Thought—"Stunned" Empire Isn't "Injured."

£25: L. JONES, 20, Stanmer Villas, Brighton.
New-born Babe—"*Pushing*" *Dad*, New Year.

£20: F. WATSON, 7, Church Row, Seaton Burn, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
In Geneva's Pantomime—"Servants" Turning Into "Mice."

£19: E. NOBLE, Trewindsor Mills, Cardigan.
Snowing—Grindstones—"Sunny Skies" Then!

£18: Mrs. J. W. DRURY, c/o Davison, Lilac Cottage, School Lane, Dewsbury Moor, Yorks.
"Not To-day, Thank You!"—Unsaid—Armless Sleeve "Spoke."

£17: H. TURNELL, 3, Langset Place, Woodhouse, Leeds.
Man With A Grin—Behind Mine's Grime, Mine.

£16: S. ROSE, 103, Wootton Avenue, Fletton, Peterborough.
Keep The Law And—Condemn Your "Murderers," Europe!

£15: A. H. PILCHER, 10, Carpenters Lane, Hadlow, Tonbridge, Kent.
Money—Money—Money—Wouldn't Replace My "Trio."

£14: T. S. HARDWICK, 12, Dagmar Road, Windsor, Berks.
Supporting Britain—"Stanchions" Of Staunch

£13: [illegible] PROCTOR, 219, Mossley Road, Ashton-[illegible]
[illegible] With A Grin—Policeman—Crowd Less

£12: J. N. ROBINSON, 26, North Sudley Road, Aigburth, Liverpool.
"Not To-day, Thank You!"—"Evidence" Coroner *Didn't* Hear.

£11: R. FITZGERALD, 5, Ash Street, Oldham, Lancs.
Cook v. Wifey—Now *Soup's* In *Hair!*

£10: E. W. WALLIS, 25, Bootham Crescent, York.
At Auntie's Party—Man "Pulled To Pieces" (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9 15s.: Mrs. M. GREEN, 24, Belle Vue Road, Belgrave Road, Birmingham.
Useful — Sonny's "Fist" — Handwriting Rotten.

£9 10s.: J. McNEIL, 16, Eden Street, Glasgow.
After The Banquet—Speeches—Pity Soup Removed!

£9 5s.: C. JONES, 6, Ullswater Road, West Norwood, S.E.
Cook v. Wifey—Mother-in-law v. Me—Home

£9: T. ROLAND, 35, Wilkins Road, Cowley, Oxford.
Back To The Jungle—Every Night, Oh! Shrubbery!

£8 15s.: H. WILLIAMS, The Nook, 279, Wal[illegible]breck Drive (please send full address).
Snowing—Unnoticed, Handling Shovel Again

£8 10s.: Miss H. W. PAUL, 18, Woodland Avenue, Rhos-on-Sea, N. Wales.
No Picture—Does Auntie Justice "Mercifully."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8 5s.: A. W. SLATFORD, 75, Mitcham Lane, Streatham, S.W.
After The Banquet—Politicians Even Forgat Unemployed!

£8: Mrs. S. HOPPERTON, 21, Wicklow Street, Middlesbrough.
At Auntie's Party — Consternation — Uncle Singing *Outside.*

Each of the above will also receive a useful Surprise Gift, as will 20 other winners of cheques down to £5. A list of 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

1937 Cash Prizes IN NOVEL BIG BULLETS ONE-WEEK OFFER TO CELEBRATE 1937

£500 Cash and £5 BIRTHDAY PENSION CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE

WIN THIS FORTUNE AND BIRTHDAY PENSION FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

£50 · £40 · £30

START THE NEW YEAR WITH A BUMPER "BULLETS" VICTORY

WITH the magnificent one-week Offer before you to-day, JOHN BULL launches his monster series of 1937 prize-lists.

Make good use of the coupons on this page and you may well be able to look back on January, 1937, as the happiest month of your life. Enter the best *Bullet* for this outstanding Offer and, on Friday, January 22, a gay "Greetings" telegram will bring you JOHN BULL'S congratulations on capturing a £500 First Prize fortune. For the rest of your days you will have golden memories of that triumph, for besides the £500 fortune, this Contest's First Prize-winner will receive a £5 cheque from JOHN BULL on each birthday for the rest of his or her life.

For this memorable first Contest of 1937, JOHN BULL has arranged the appropriate huge total of 1,937 cash prizes, all of which must be won *in one week*. With such a vast range of opportunities within your reach, now is the time to make a bold bid for a high place in the long list of cash prizes.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, first study carefully the list of 36 *Examples* provided on this page. Select a few to work on and, as you consider the various ways in which each *Example* could be used, jot down the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Your next step is to polish up these first thoughts into pithy, well-phrased comments of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which have a close bearing on the particular *Example* chosen.

As an instance, suppose you had been considering the *Example*, TORCH OF SCIENCE. As you think of its possibilities, your first rough jotting might be *Too Often Employed For Warlike Inventions*. Spending just a few more minutes would suffice for you to improve this to the typical *Bullet*, TORCH OF SCIENCE—SINGEING "PEACE DOVE'S" FEATHERS.

Before you start on your own efforts, notice the good points of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,055th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for you cannot be amongst this Contest's 1,937 cash prize-winners unless your entry is in by Saturday, January 9.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,058)

FOR THE KING
WHEN BRITAIN AWAKES
HARD ON HER
TRIUMPH OF RIGHT
DIVIDING THE WORLD
TORCH OF SCIENCE
BETTER RACE
GOVERNMENT PLANS
ROUSING
EUROPE'S JUMPY, SO
ARMY LIFE
IN THE FIELD
FORBIDDEN
WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT
THE SCAPEGOAT
HENPECK'S DREAM
CUTTING A DASH
UNSCRUPULOUS RASCAL
GALLANT FOE
GAS
I'M NO GRUNDY, BUT
WHAT CAN ONE DO WHEN
SANDY'S BRAINWAVE
SHOWS HE'S KIND
WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?
BAD EGG
TRUST JOHN CITIZEN AND
BLACKMAIL
AFTER INQUIRIES
WARILY
"LUCKY DOG!"
FOR GRANNY
FOUNDATION OF HAPPINESS
IF SHE'S AGREEABLE
WRAPPED IN MYSTERY
HAD I A MAGIC WAND

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,864 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Coles, 2, High Street, Shirehampton, Bristol.

Give yourself this FREE NEW YEAR PRESENT!

Get in ahead of the rush for the new and improved 'Bullets' Bulletin of 1937.

Secure 48 pages of 'Bullets' and Crossword help at once—no better aid to success is published

USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,058) Closing SAT., Jan. 9. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,058) Closing SAT., Jan. 9. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,058) Closing SAT., Jan. 9. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,058) Closing SAT., Jan. 9. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,058 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,058, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why not be Slim and Healthy in 1937

EVERY woman wants to look better, to feel better in the year ahead. Slenderness is the way to health and beauty, the hall-mark of inner well-being.

A couple of Bile Beans taken nightly enables you to slim, surely and safely, to lose that unwanted "poundage" while you sleep.

Not merely do these fine vegetable pills disperse unwanted fat. Bile Beans do far more—they purify and enrich the blood and tone up the entire system.

So start slimming to-night with Bile Beans and so make sure of looking your best this New Year.

"I work in a large shop, and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have. I owe this entirely to Bile Beans, which I take regularly every night. They have reduced my weight by over twenty pounds."—Miss E. L. M., Nottingham.

* * *

"My health is wonderfully improved since taking Bile Beans. They have toned me up and brought healthy colour to my cheeks and made my figure normal again. A doctor asked what made me look so young. When I told him Bile Beans, he said I couldn't have taken anything finer."—Mrs. B. B., Southsea.

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A213